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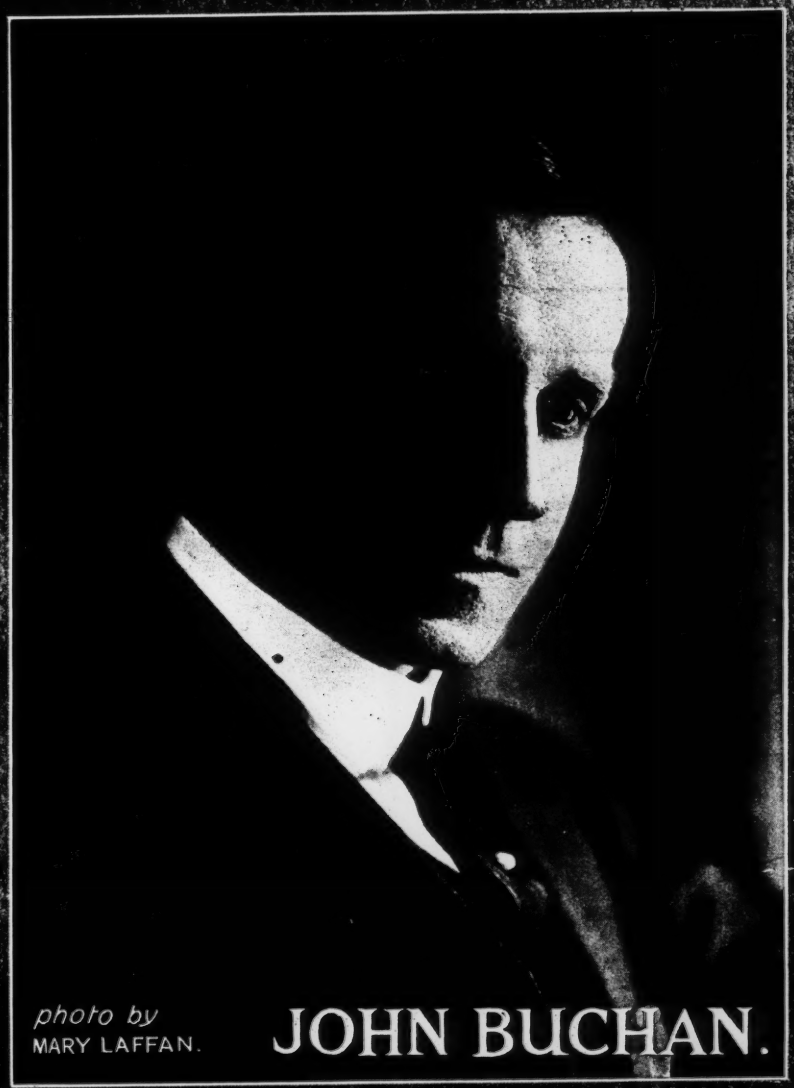

photo by MARY LAFFAN.

JOHN BUCHAN.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Nothing could be more welcome in these grey days than a new book by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs), and "The Romance of a Christmas Card," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing is one of the tenderest and most charming stories she has written. Mrs. Riggs, who was an honoured guest at the recent Panama Exposition, lives in a spacious Colonial house at Quillcote-on-Saco, Maine; she throws open her beautiful gardens for the use of the public on occasions of local or national celebrations and, as an American reporter wrote, when he called and found banners fluttering under her great elms and Mrs. Riggs assisting at an annual Dorcas Fair that was being held in her grounds, she seems to be the counsellor and good friend of all the neighbourhood.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "The Guiding Thread," which has just been published by Messrs. Methuen, is the story of how a young wife rebels against living in intellectual bondage to a learned husband. She yearns to be free, to develop her individuality, to really live, and at length takes her courage in both hands, leaves her husband's home and goes out alone into the world to follow the promptings of her own spirit.

In her new novel, "Petunia," which Messrs. Constable published last month, Mrs. George Wemyss turns again—as in "The Professional Aunt"—to the subject of sisters-in-law; brothers' wives in particular. Except for two books written for children, "The Professional Aunt," published by the same firm in 1910, was her first book, and it met with an immediate success both here and in America.

Miss May Sinclair has nearly finished a new book which she is calling, for the present, "Some Ultimate Questions of Psychology and Metaphysics." This is no new departure; her early work was in philosophy, and, of course, the same studies enter largely into her novels. She began work on a new novel early in the year, but we gather from her publishers that it has been laid aside until this book is completed.

"A Wife Out of Egypt," Miss Norma Lorimer's popular novel, is now in its fourteenth edition, and Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are shortly publishing

Mon Emile Cammaerts,
whose book, "New Belgian Poems," has just been published by Mr. John Lane.
From a portrait by H G. Riviere

her new story, "The God's Carnival." Miss Lorimer has travelled much about the world and first began to write as a journalist in America. She has been a frequent sojourner in Sicily and Italy, and writes of the Italian peoples with knowledge and with sympathy. Miss Lorimer first visited Sicily about eighteen years ago, and continued to visit it every other year until about eight years back; then in April, 1914, she went there again, and was greatly struck and distressed by the changes she saw and by the obvious Germanisation of the island. "I watched a tragedy," she says, "developing in a household I had known for eighteen years, where the son had been sent to Germany (his mother's country) to be educated." The plot of "A God's Carnival" first took form in her mind when she was witnessing a representation of the "Agamemnon" in the ancient Greek theatre at Syracuse, but she did not begin to write it until Italy was at war with Austria. Much of the story is drawn directly from life and there is more than a foundation in fact for almost every one of its situations. At present Miss Lorimer is passing the proofs of a book about Uganda, which is to be published this autumn. It gives an intimate account of a woman's life and travels in East Africa, and is to be called "By the Waters of Africa," following in the succession of her other travel volumes, "By the Waters of Sicily" and "By the Waters of Egypt."

"Desmond's Daughter," Mrs. Maud Diver's latest novel, is winning golden opinions from all the reviewers; some of them have said it is the best novel she has written, and this, for those who know her other books, is praise in the highest. No novelist writes of India and Indian life with more intimate knowledge. By birth and heritage Mrs. Diver is an Anglo-Indian; she was born in the Himalayas, and all the most impressionable years of her life—from sixteen to thirty—were spent in India and Ceylon. As a girl, she was eight years in India without coming home, and never long in one place. She has travelled the whole length of the country from the north down to Tuticorin, but not the breadth of it. Bengal and Oudh are practically unknown to her; the Punjab she describes as her real country. Through her father, Colonel Marshall (a military civilian), she is related to the Lawrences of the Punjab, and through her mother she is a great-niece of Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, of Jellalabad fame.

In all those early years of her life in India, Mrs. Diver was scribbling prose and verse voluminously for the sheer joy of it, and for stimulant she had simply life and her own enthusiasm and the interest of her first and greatest friend, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's sister, afterwards Mrs. Fleming. In 1890 she married Lieutenant (now Colonel) Diver, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and it was not until several years later that the prospect of a son to educate made her seriously think whether she

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Norma Lorimer.**

Photo by W. Corin, Haslemere. **Mrs. Maud Diver.**

could not earn money by her pen. Circumstances and lack of self-confidence had retarded her development, and she was greatly indebted, at this time, to Mr. John Ferguson, the editor of the *Ceylon Observer*, who advised and encouraged her and readily printed whatever prose or verse she sent to him. Her first encouragement in the homeland came from Mr. George Bentley, who accepted verse and short stories for *Temple Bar*. After her husband's regiment had come home to England, Mrs. Diver began to contribute stories to *Longman's*, *Macmillan's*, the *Pall Mall*, and other such magazines. It was in the summer of 1906, after her son had gone to a public school and she was a little more at leisure, that she wrote "Captain Desmond, V.C." Messrs. Blackwood accepted it as soon as it was finished, and published it in the spring of 1907. The success of the book was immediate, and for nearly eight years now a shilling edition of it has been selling steadily. Two years ago Mrs. Diver drastically revised and rewrote the story, adding fresh chapters at the end. It has been translated into Norwegian, and is at present running serially in Denmark before appearing in book form there, and is to be followed in sequence by her other novels, which Miss Johanne Marie Petersen is translating. Two of Mrs. Diver's stories, "The Hero of Herat" and "The Judgment of the Sword," brought her into close touch with Lord Roberts, who took the keenest interest in them and expressed a wish that she might some day write of the second Afghan war. This she has obtained permission to do, but it will take time to prepare the ground. Meanwhile, she is at work on a story of England in 1914, which will be published next autumn, after it has run serially in the *Cornhill*. For the last six years Mrs. Diver and her family have lived at Haslemere, but the war has now broken up their home there. Her son joined the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and in due course went out to France, and her husband, as a Reserve Officer, has been incessantly occupied at home. Altogether, she has some thirty relatives on active service in the war.

The new novel by Mr. G. B. Burgin which Messrs. Hutchinson announce, "The Girl Who Got Out," has its scenes in Canada, in the neighbourhood of that (or should it be those?) "Four Corners" with which readers of his other Canadian stories have become pleasantly familiar.

A new soldier poet, whose first volume, "Fragments," Mr. Erskine Macdonald will publish shortly, is the Hon. Evan Morgan, 2nd Lieutenant in the Welsh Guards. After leaving Christ Church, Oxford, Mr. Morgan was in the same literary set as the late Rupert Brooke. His impulse towards poetic expression is probably to some extent inherited from his maternal grandfather, the Earl of Southesk, who was identified with the Pre-Raphaelite movement and well known in his day as the author of "The Burial of Isis," and other poems. Mr. Morgan, who is the only son of Lord Tredegar, is an artist as well as a poet. Two of his pictures were exhibited in the Salon in 1913.

Photo by Malcom Arbuthnot. **Hon. Evan Morgan.**

Mr. Francis Grierson.
From a drawing by Vernon Hill.
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Sidney Dark, whose new novel, "Afraid," Mr. John Lane will publish this month, is the literary editor of *The Daily Express*. After studying at the Royal Academy of Music he was for a short time a professional singer. He gave that up to go on the stage for a year or two, and then, in 1899, commenced his journalistic career by writing the "Green Room Gossip" for *The Daily Mail*. Later, he wrote literary, theatrical and musical criticism for the same paper, and in 1902 he joined the staff of *The Daily Express* as leader writer. His first novel, "The Man who Would Not be King," was published by Mr. John Lane in 1913. It was a didactic farce, in sharpest contrast to his new book, "Afraid," which is a tragedy. Mr. Dark has added two other volumes to his name this autumn: "The Glory that is France," published the other day by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and a book on Dickens which Messrs. Jack have in the press. He has written a character sketch of his friend Harold Chapin for "Soldier and Dramatist," the collection of Chapin's letters from the front which Mr. Lane has just published; and he has almost finished another novel which he is calling "Loud and Prolonged Cheers."

That brilliantly successful farcical comedy, "Ye Gods!" by Stephen Robert and Eric Hudson, has been turned into a novel by Mr. Eric Hudson in collaboration with Mr. H. Grahame Richards, and is published at a shilling by Messrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Hudson seems to have found that royal road to success which every author looks for and few tread. He was engaged in commerce until a year or two ago, dramatising novels and stories in his spare time, "just to see," he says, "what I could make of them." Some years ago he happened to come across a brief legend of the Algonkin Indians about a man who was supernaturally gifted with the power of causing all women to fall in love with him. This struck him as a fresh and promising idea. He planned it first as a short story, then as a novel, and finally as a play, but having sketched a synopsis of it he had to put it aside for other work. Last year he took it up again and showed the synopsis to Mr. Stephen Robert, knowing that he, with his exceptional knowledge of stage technique, would at once see any possibilities that were in it, and Mr. Robert not only collaborated in fitting the play for the boards but promptly got it accepted for production. Mr. Hudson is already engaged on another three-act comedy which he is calling "Enter Uncle Henry," and is well under way with a novel of mystery and sensation which bears the tentative title of "The Dead Man's Brother."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

FRANCIS GRIERSON.

THE quality of quietness is rare in literature. Lamb and De Quincey possess it among prose writers, Wordsworth among poets. When it is found it is combined usually with culture and kindliness, for the good writer cultivates true repose and great tolerance. Quietness, as opposed to turmoil, is a quality that invariably has its reward, usually in the form of personal devotion to the writer inspiring that quality. Naturally one would expect it would be found among the dreamers whose literary gifts are so much residue left by the flood of reverie. Imagination in persons of repose, as in De Quincey, as opposed to Shelley, whose imagination was volcanic in generation and utterance, has something of mysticism in its nature, and the author of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" was never so happy as when treading the dreamland of metaphysics, or

exploring the by-paths of psychology. As may be expected, De Quincey, like all dreamers was never wholly coherent or logical; he would depict a charmed landscape, and then destroy it with a garrulous footnote on the etymology of one of his adjectives. Possessing high vision and imagination, he lacked proportion, and therein Francis Grierson excels as a mystic.

The name of the last writer is almost unknown save in circles of the *literati*, where he is served up as dessert for epicures. The study of Grierson is fascinating from two view points. As a writer he is unique in culture and universality, as a person he is singular in his peculiar genius and versatility. His life is more romantic than his work, his face is more interesting than either, since it is an epitome of both life and thought. An early portrait painted at St. Petersburg by Geslin reveals to us a face of almost effeminate beauty, the face of the ideal poet conceived by a girl in love with rhyme. In the fine, straight nose, the perfectly curved, sensitive lips, and the large bright eyes, holding that indirect light which looks inward rather than outward, one sees the features of a man of great sensibility and refinement. One does not find or expect that intellectual vigour and independence which have spread his name throughout Europe and America.

Photo by Gillies, Richmond.

Francis Grierson.

His personal history is as interesting and romantic as his face. In his first year, his parents, descendants of an old family, emigrated from Liverpool to America. Thence, in youth, he returned to Europe, and made a Bohemian tour of the principal capitals and towns. He was gifted with an extraordinary power of improvisation, which he retains to this day. His performances at the piano won him early fame and the entrée of fashionable salons, but his nomadic wanderings were not unmarked by the inseparable hardships of a Bohemian life. Throughout all success and privation he was making mental notes, gaining experience, and meeting the great artists and thinkers of the leading nations. Then followed a journey to Paris, and at an age when most men regard their careers as on the verge of completion, he took up the pen and experimented or improvised, with the new medium of prose. The result was startling but permanent. Within a few weeks of the publication of a brochure of essays and aphorisms written in French, he received the appreciation and applause of the leading writers and poets. Sully Prudhomme, Stèphen Mallarmé, Erico Cardona, Manrico and Maeterlinck hailed him with brotherly affection, for they discerned a new spirit in their midst, a prophet of the new mysticism then awaiting an articulate voice.

Since his first ovation, he has written some books in English, one of them, semi-autobiographical, "The Valley of Shadows," which describes his life in Lincoln's country before the war, the others, pen portraits and essays, all of them small in size but perfect in form.

In the vignettes of "Parisian Portraits" we observe the acute perception of the author, united with a mind that looked below the surface and studied men and women of genius, not from curiosity but as a psychologist to whom humanity is interesting if only because it is humanity. Grierson's gifts gave him the entrée and connection with the great Parisian salons prior to the catastrophe of 1870. He covers his pages with the names of famous men and women with whom he talked, and of whose hospitality he partook, until we suspect he is that disagreeable snob—the lion-hunter. To remain with this impression would be to commit a grave injustice, and to libel an author with only the excuse that his acquaintances were so distinguished and numerous that the reader suspected him, *ipso facto*, of courting the fashionable and great personages of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. A closer study of this book reveals the fact that the author was admitted to these great salons because he possessed singular qualifications of mind that brought him into intimacy on grounds of intellectual equality. No matter with whom the author may be talking, or of whom he may be discoursing, the reader feels that Grierson was not the least person of the assembly; he was no Boswell bowing before the ridicule of Johnson. No matter who crosses his pages, be it Verlaine, Mallarmé, Dumas, Countess Diane, Princess Helène Racowitza, he knows each one with that intimacy which is not born of time or relationship, but singular to the fraternity of talent.

Occasionally Grierson is slightly querulous. One cannot but feel that he has been too successful to be wholly sympathetic. He is a paradox, for his early life was thoroughly Bohemian, and yet he does not hide his dislike of Bohemia, a dislike not founded upon hardships and irregularities, these things do not perturb his spirit for he is a philosopher who has subdued life, but born of a distaste for anything that is not of the best. He is a cosmopolitan epicure who has been used to the élite of the artistic, musical, literary and social worlds, and he is so familiar with princesses, prima donnas and geniuses that he comes to regard all persons of a lower sphere as provincial, a favourite word, and a term ever on his lips. This penchant in his writings has annoyed many who would admire his fine eclecticism were it not tinged with snobbery, and this fault will only be

explained and condoned when it is understood that Grierson is an intellectual and spiritual aristocrat. Humanity is singular in its fancies; we are all snobs at heart, or perhaps one should say, at the head, for snobbery is the triumph of materialistic reason over pure sentiment. The cook imagines her mistress's dress would place her on a plane of equality if she wore it, and accordingly despises the scullery-maid. The mistress is certain that adverse fortune has alone disqualified her for the county set, and inwardly thinks how much better she could perform the social duties of the duchess; and so on through all ranks and phases of life, painter to artist, poetaster to poet, and politician to statesman adopt an attitude implying that the higher rank is due solely to influence or fortuitous circumstances. When it is understood that Grierson has qualities of mind that entitle him to the best, one can excuse, though one may regret, his disdain of the lesser, but not necessarily the less important things. He would do well to remember his own words in an essay on culture:

"The superficial mistake mere refinement for culture; but refinement is rarely more than an adjunct of the higher intelligence, denoting a delicate and fastidious nature, with the critical faculty shown in admiration of the obviously beautiful."

His style, which is aphoristic, has the hard brilliance of a diamond. His prose reminds me of a modern Pater who has written of the present instead of a mediæval or classical age. His thought is strong, original and individual, and "Modern Mysticism" voiced in prose a tendency that Maeterlinck expressed in poetry. He tells us that no man really thinks before the age of thirty-five, prior to that age he may feel and express sentiment, which is not thought, and the maturity of Grierson's thought and expression proves him to be speaking from experience and close observation, as when he says, in an essay on the "Humour of the Underman":

"The best minds do not climb into the best society, and can have no need for the houses supposed to lead higher. Every person of refinement and talent comes at last by a secret attraction to that plane which Nature intended for each, and taken on strictly philosophical grounds, there is no higher and no lower—but only the natural."

When a man of obvious gifts has been enabled to live in an atmosphere of intellectual activity, his mind broadened with travel, his views expanded with experience, and his wit sharpened by contact with the most brilliant intellects of his age, one expects in the writing of a man so fortunate, a comprehensiveness unattainable by men restricted in opportunity and outlook. Travel variously affects men according to their readiness to receive impressions. There is the typical tourist whose pleasure is found in satisfied curiosity, who seeks a good view or a beautiful edifice, and having found it, returns home with a visual memory of his experience; but there is also the type of man who is temperamental and susceptible; this man not only sees, but feels and thinks. His impression becomes another link in the chain of thought, his experience is in sequence and not a disconnected fact, and when such a man expresses himself in full relationship to all he feels, sees and thinks, then we say that man has genius, whether his expression takes the form of art, music or poetry. There is a man of a lower range of temperament who can feel, see and think, but cannot express adequately, and the possessors of such acute but limited faculties we call men of talent.

This division of mere talent and genius is one that Grierson is constantly emphasising. Genius is expression that transcends experience and thought by the power of intuition which establishes entire relationship of ideas. "Everything that is arrived at by mere study," he says, "fails to achieve the highest result. Profound feeling is one of the principal ingredients of genius, if indeed it is not the leading trait," and in this utterance he explains much of the vapidity of classical minds which sacrifice sensation to thought.

"Great art is impression put into form. Writers do this by words, artists by colours, musicians by sounds, poets by rhyme and rhythm. Life is composed of a long series of sensations, superficial or profound, according to the temperament of the individual, and the more pronounced the temperament the more powerful the impact of impression."

It is not surprising to learn that there is a growing Grierson cult. His appeal as a thinker and an acute observer will be strong to minds that are well read and developed. An eclectic, Grierson attracts by that instinctive selection of the best in art and life, a selection guided by innate refinement rather than careful thought. His experience is wide in its particular sphere, but it would be unwise to follow an author so sheltered from the commonplace in the parts of life where every man must gain his experience. This latter restriction explains the special appeal which the author makes. He is the literary man for the *literati*, his power is in reflection rather than creation. He is an invaluable index to the choice thoughts and minds of the best thinkers in the best periods of artistic activity. Singular indeed, it is, that one who has seen perforce so much of the world, should be so little affected by it, particularly in those opinions and tastes formulated by experience rather than thought. It may be that much of Grierson's attraction lies in the quality of quietness, of seclusion, for however merged in a crowd of celebrities he may be, one cannot forget that his mind acts in singular isolation. Individual, and with a mind capable of deep conviction, he surprises and charms by a boldness of verdict on the nice points of literature, and even in that realm of criticism where fools have feared to tread, he walks with the grace of an angel and the fine consciousness of a connoisseur.

In an essay on "The Making of Books," he writes:

"We admire most in every writer, not that which we do not understand, but that which we have long felt but never expressed, the sentiments which we have never been able to formulate in words, the emotions that seemed too deep to be brought to the surface, the dreams that seemed too vague and distant for rhyme or reason."

In these lines Grierson has analysed his own power and appeal, he has not expressed the obvious, he has not created new thought, but he has enveloped his style with an atmosphere of artistic beauty, and like some curiously learned collector of *objet d'art*, he shows us men and books in the view of a mind that claims kinship with genius in its power to understand, feel and appreciate that phase of life or thought wherein the depth of the heart, or the brilliancy of the mind, has bequeathed something new and immortal.

CECIL ROBERTS.

THE READER.

JOHN BUCHAN.

By David Hodge.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN has had a variegated career —from a literary point of view. Though only forty-one years of age he was writing when his contemporaries included R. L. Stevenson, Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. Neil Munro had not given us "The Lost Pibroch" when John Buchan produced "Sir Quixote." Buchan was then—if I mistake not—an undergraduate of Brasenose College, Oxford, whence he had migrated from Glasgow University where he had been capped "Artium Magister with laying on of hands." At Oxford he won the Newdigate Prize, and was President of the Union. "Sir Quixote," though it had touches of distinct individuality, bore strong indications of the influences of Crockett and of Stevenson, but chiefly of Crockett, who, at the date of the publication of "Sir Quixote," was at his zenith. It was a breezy, rugged tale, and immediately sprang to success, but in the closing years of the last century important literary talent was rife, especially among the Scotsmen, and people questioned whether or not the new writer would last—if indeed they considered the matter at all. These were the days of the Yellow Book, Henry Harland, Richard le Gallienne, Kenneth Grahame, John Davidson, and many others whose names are on the roll of fame. Even the paragraph men knew nothing of Buchan, and were unable to mention that he was a Scot of the Scots, a son of a minister of the Gospel in Glasgow, and a man for whom his University friends in the North predicted a great future. He has not failed his prophets.

I do not find that Mr. Buchan on coming to London, about the year 1898, to wrest fame and fortune from the Metropolis, began operations with the legendary initial half-crown, or that he ever slept, in the style of his compatriots Robert Buchanan and David Gray, in the Hotel of the Beautiful Star. These things were not in Buchan's way: he preferred to begin at the top.

Ordinary journalism never claimed him, and anonymous fame had for him no attractions, though for some time he acted as assistant editor of *The Spectator*, under Mr. St. John Loe Strachey, doing much brilliant unsigned work, out of which Mr. Buchan failed to keep articles on angling. Whenever one saw a fishing article in *The Spectator* in those days one knew that here was the hand of Buchan, the lover of Tweedside from which some of his ancestors came, the man who would infinitely rather be throwing the long line on the pools about Traquair than turning out the necessary paragraphs of a Friday evening for a strenuous and important weekly periodical that seeks to guide the empires on the paths they ought to tread. Buchan was not by nature meant for Fleet Street, and the Street of Misadventure failed to lure him to its inky pavements. This, I think, is a matter of congratulation for all who love letters, but it has to be set on record that of late Buchan has been acting as a Special Correspondent at the Front where he has been doing work of which all Fleet Street is proud. His war copy is free from highly coloured passages, and it is with calmness, dispassion, and in pellucid English that he records the happenings. His value as a War Correspondent has been proved beyond question. Russell and Forbes are not his models in this field of work: in fact he seems to have no model here: he just elects to set forth in his own way what he has seen, traditional methods of war reporting being ignored—if known.

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **John Buchan.**

Simultaneously with all his work in the field, Mr. Buchan has been writing Nelson's "History of the War," a series in which the strategies and tactics of the Great Adventure are set forth with convincing lucidity and graphic style. Nothing daunted by the immensity of the canvas, Mr. Buchan applies the colour with panoramic skill, the result being an impressive picture to rival the Somme Film. I imagine, though, that the work most to Buchan's liking is the writing of books in his study (perhaps in his bed). There he evolved the long list that stands to his credit, and includes "Sir Quixote," "Musa Piscatrix," "Scholar-Gipsies," "John Burnet of Barns," "Grey Weather," "A Lost Lady of Old Years," "The Half-hearted," "The Watcher by the Threshold," "Prester John," and "The Moon Endureth."

These books cover a period from 1895 till 1912, and almost every successive volume shows an access of strength and skill.

I asked a famous literary critic what he considered to be the outstanding power of Buchan, and he replied without hesitation, "Versatility. The man can write in any style. He can do a Stevenson novel in the best Stevensonian style, he can equal Kipling when Kipling is almost—but not quite—at his best, and he can out-Crockett Crockett. Also, he can do the dime sensational line with the best of them—witness his new books 'The Power House' and 'The Thirty-nine Steps,' which proved a big draw as a serial in a Manchester Sunday paper.

"If you are writing about Buchan be careful to make clear that there are no limits to him, and that one never knows the metier in which he will next be found acquiring distinction and success."

Though traces of Barrie, Maclaren, Munro, and Stevenson are found in Buchan's books I should say that the chief influence on his work, as on those other writers, was Sir Walter Scott. I cannot point to many passages of Buchan that are frankly due to Scott, but "by and large" Scott is the source of his inspiration. From Scott he derives the dramatic and the sense of spaciousness that comes into play when he writes about Scotland and South Africa. The eeriness comes direct from Stevenson. Humour does not abound, and what there is has the dry East Coast epigrammatic flavour. With a keener sense of humour Buchan would of course be a greater man. But it is with Buchan as he is, not with Buchan as he might have been, that we have to deal, and we are thankful for such works as "John Burnet of Barns" and "Prester John."

"Prester John," I find, is generally regarded as his leading book. This is not surprising, because though it does not contain much of his most arresting writing, we have in "Prester John" a thrilling tale told with eloquence and force. The opening scenes are in Fifeshire, of which county Mr. Buchan has knowledge, and one of the ablest things he has done is the description of the coloured parson at devil worship on the moonlit beach. Davie Crawfurd, a son of the manse at Kirkcaple, saw the black man at his devotions, and it is in Africa that the two meet again. The black minister is the re-incarnation of Prester John, a monarch whose aim was to hold all Africa in his sway. When Davie, from Kirkcaple (Kirkcaldy, I believe, where the author spent his school days), re-encounters the black minister, Davie is the keeper of an up-country store along with an elderly alcoholised individual called Japp. This old man is etched with few and powerful strokes. One sympathises with him rather than hates him, and perhaps this is not the intention of Mr. Buchan in regard to this rum-swilling, illicit-diamond-buying old ruffian. Adventures of the thrilling order abound in "Prester John"—a capital book for boys—and in it one sees another influence on Mr. Buchan's literary output—that of Rider Haggard. All about the caves, the underground river, and the torchlit assembly of the chiefs is, of course, sheer Haggard, told with a Buchanese accuracy of phrase and absence of rhodomontade. The book contains beautiful South African cameos. This, for example:

"The Spring of the Blue Wildbeeste was a clear, rushing mountain torrent, which swirled over blue rocks into deep fern-fringed pools. All around was a table-land of lush grass and marigolds and arum lilies instead of daisies and buttercups. Thickets of tall trees dotted the hill slopes and patched the meadows as if some landscape-gardener had been at work on them. Beyond, the glen fell steeply to the plains, which ran out in a faint haze to the horizon. To North and South I marked the sweep of the Berg, now rising high to a rocky peak and now stretching in a level rampart of blue. On the very edge of the plateau where the road dipped for the descent stood the shanties of Blaauwildebeestefontein. The fresh hill air had exhilarated my mind, and the aromatic scents of the evening gave the last touch of intoxication. Whatever serpent might lurk in it, it was a veritable Eden I had come to."

An example of his verses (a medium in which he has made but few adventures) is the Dedication of "Prester John" to Sir Lionel Phillips:

"Time, they say, must the best of us capture,
And travel and battle and gems and gold
No more can kindle the ancient rapture,
For even the youngest of hearts grows old.
But in you, I think, the boy is not over,
So take this medley of ways and wars
As the gift of a friend and a fellow-lover
Of the fairest country under the stars."

It has to be noted that this "fairest country" is South Africa.

Though engaging in regard to South Africa (where he was Private Secretary to Lord Milner, then High Commissioner), Buchan is at his best in books that deal with Scotland, of which he has said in a Dedication:

"Scotland is a wide place to travel in for those who believe that it is not bounded strictly by kirk and market place, and who have an ear for old ways and lost romances. It is of the back-world of Scotland that I write, the land behind the mist and over the seven bens, a place hard of access for the foot passenger, but easy for the maker of stories."

"The Thirty-nine Steps" is to have a sequel, "Greenmantle," a sound piece of work in the same *genre*, but presently, when war work ceases from troubling, Mr. Buchan will no doubt return to his early field and tell us once again in his own distinguished manner of that out-of-the-way elusive Scotland of which he writes with profound affection.

"A Lodge in the Wilderness" was a direct outcome of his residence in South Africa, and it gives a noteworthy picture of the present and the possibilities of that part of the world, and from his experience there came also "The African Colony: Studies in Reconstruction." Apparently Mr. Buchan has ambitions towards statesmanship or diplomacy, but I should say that there is in him too much romance to fit him for either of these activities. It is not safe to predict what may be the future of a man of Buchan's brilliance. A curious point concerning him is that he is an expert on statistics. If he goes to Westminster his knowledge of figures will prove a big advantage to him in Budget debates.

All the leading Scottish writers of recent years are easy to "place." Barrie pursues one definite line, Crockett seldom diverged from a well-defined path, Maclaren was never really round the corner from the Kailyard, Neil Munro is true to Romance (except when he is writing under the name of Hugh Foulis), and Ian Hay writes sympathetically of Scotland from the point

Photo by Mary Laffan.

John Buchan.

of view of a cultured Oxford Scot. Africa laid Buchan under her charms, much as the Pacific influenced Robert Louis Stevenson, but Stevenson's best books are about Scotland, and Buchan, like Stevenson, will ultimately seek inspiration from the land that gave him birth. His versatility is a matter he should guard against, and he should remember that while "The Power House" and "The Thirty-nine Steps" are excellent in their way—and doubtless good sellers—they are not the worthiest work for him. He should get back to the Scotland that has passed away, and give us another "John Burnet of Barns." It was not in Middle Temple Gardens that he learned such expressions as "He's as fou as the Baltic," and the works of John Buchan would be brightened by the inclusion of many more old-fashioned phrases from the North. Mr. Buchan, like Sir James Barrie, must have heard a great deal of old Scottish lore and sayings, and he should write them down before he forgets. Scotland claims Buchan as one of her leading authors, and looks to see him go on from strength to strength.

Mr. Buchan is no recluse or midnight-oil toiler: he is all for the open air life, and has made a name for himself as a mountaineer and a shot, as well as an angler. Fortunately he has written no disputatious volume on the merits of the dry fly as compared with the wet, though I happen to know that he is skilled in the manipulation of both. He is as much at home on the Itchen or the Test as on a brawling Highland burn. In his books there are many references which prove his knowledge of fishing, shooting, and cliff work on mountain sides.

His literary career resembles the military and political career of Mr. Winston Churchill in point of variety and effectiveness, and the future of Mr. Buchan is just as hard to predict as that of Mr. Churchill. Both have many years to go. Mr. Buchan is very fully occupied in directing the affairs of the publishing house of Nelson, but it is difficult to imagine any kind of occupation or activity that will restrain him from following his true bent, that of writing fiction. After the war there may be no conspicuously heavy demand for fiction dealing with feuds and wars of the old times, but Mr. Buchan may give us the really big fiction books about the war that is still in progress. He is one of the few important novelists who have seen it at close quarters.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

Special Notice.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A Prize of Three New Books is offered for the best tribute to our wounded soldiers in eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for The Bookman Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

Note.—If the Rev. W. P. Johnson will kindly send his address we shall be pleased to reply to his communication.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The Prize of One Guinea for the best original lyric is awarded to Mrs. Stephen Parker, of 12, Fontayne Street, Goole, Yorks, for the following:

THE CONVERT.

When I had my son in the house about me, or working there at the bench in the shed,
I hadn't a care in the world to fret me—and now—it's a year since my son's dead.
Dead and buried he is, in Flanders, in a nameless grave I shall never see,
I shall go to him—(God send it early!)—but he will never return to me.

They came to me with their oil of comfort—tender women and men of God,
Bidding me think with pride and joy of that poor grave under the blood-drenched sod.
Flowers and holy books they brought me, prayed, whispered, wept, and went away—
And my breast was locked on my grief like a prison: I dreaded the night and I hated the day.

I think I had come to the brink of madness, the sun was darkened, the moon was gone:
It seemed God had made a wheel for his pleasure, to see me bound and broken upon.
I had thought so long on my son, and his dying, there in the dark in his ebbing blood,
When there came a thought of Our Lord's Dear Mother—*They took her son. She understood.*

* * * * *

I can't say I'm truly a Catholic, can I? I was a Methodist, born and bred!
I never could hold with confessing to priests, and I trouble no one to pray for my dead.
But when my grief is a pall about me, and my tortured heart knows no release,
I tell it all to our Lord's Dear Mother—She understands and she gives me peace.

Mrs. Stephen Parker.

We also select for printing:

TO MY BELOVED.

Say, dear one, when I die shall I forgotten be?
And will the earth that hides my face hide every thought of me?

See, love sits in my eyes, and love is angels' breath;
So I shall look on thee unchanged beyond the kiss of death.

Remember not my sins; my base and worldly part,
For death will purge all else but love from out my foolish heart.

And so if some sweet hour, alone at eventide
Thy subtler sense shall half discern my angel at thy side,—

Remembering whence I come, kneel down to worship there,
And maybe God Who hears will grant I kiss thee at thy prayer.

(Margaret K. McEvoy, 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.)

HEROES.

These are thy children, England, born of thee,
Who, lest the nations' faith in thee be lost—
To keep thy honour fair, thy service free,
Give all they have and all they hope to be,
And never count the cost!

And of thy heroes hold these first who make—
And its inevitable anguish *know*—
Their sacrifice of all for thy dear sake;
Who count the full, full cost with hearts that break,
And, *having counted*, go!

(Evelyn Simms, No. 4 House, Roedean School, Brighton.)

From the large number of other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Mary Arden (Highgate), Audrey Haggard (Norfolk), Grace Cracknall (North Kensington), Ida May (Barnes), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), M. Burbridge (Westcliff), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), John Thompson (Cork), Frank Noble Wood (Hull), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), H. O. Evans (Manchester), J. E. C. (Ripon), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), F. V. Follett (Combemartin), Don A. N. Gardiner (Ashford), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Tom Yarwood (Northwich), B. M. Ward (Eastbourne), Eileen K. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), V. W. Ware (London, S.W.), A. A. M. B. (Hampstead), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Dora Thomas (London, W.), C. A. Munro (Glasgow), Bombadier Thomas Alex. King (Plymouth), F. L. Watts (Streatham), Winifred Parker (Matlock), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bridgwater), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Doris Dean (Bromley), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Maude McGuire (Bristol), Mary Wylie Hill (Balthayock), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), L. A. N. N. (Chelsea), Gladys M. King (Lee Green), Brenda MacGregor (Taunton), Dorothy L. Warne (Ramsgate), Ingram Earnie (New Southgate), Rosie Speight (Leeds), O. Thelma Avis (Waltham Abbey), Winifred Barrows (Minchinhampton), Winifred B. Medway (Bristol), Mabel Malet (Hull), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Edith A. Lawrence (Liverpool), Kitty Lewis (Mansfield), Maurice Ellenger (Hastings), Billy Garlique (Bridgwater), D. Brooke (Keswick), Nepuca (Wandsworth Common), Mabel Denison (Halifax), Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea), Alberta Vickridge (Bradford), Evelyn N. Cowell (Manchester).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to R. Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds, for the following:

UNCENSORED LETTERS. (Heinemann.)

"I cannot but remember such things were."
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*.

We also select for printing:

THE LION'S SHARE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Cassell.)

"O, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!"
THOMAS DIBDIN, *The Snug Little Island*.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Essendon Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.)

THE PORCELAIN LADY. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Secker.)

"Frailty, thy name is woman."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(Charles Powell, 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)

THE VOICE OF THE CITY. By O. HENRY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The light of other days is faded."
Song in *The Bohemian Girl*.

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best epitaph on Captain Fryatt is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne, of 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne. His second stanza is much inferior to the first, and, unfortunately, none of the many epitaphs sent in are quite up to publication level.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to P. H. Hall, of Hillside, Silver Hill, Ecclesall, Sheffield, for the following:

THE ULTIMATE BELIEF. By A. CLUTTON BROCK. (Constable.)

A little book on the philosophy of the spirit. Mr. Brock attempts, in the light of experience, to analyse the motives underlying human aspirations and ideals. The desires of the spirit are, he suggests, threefold, namely: the desire for truth, goodness and beauty, and he emphasises the need in modern education of inculcating these aims, not for any ulterior object, but as ends in themselves. His chapter on the æsthetic needs of the spirit is written with admirable balance and insight. A book both provocative and wise, and one that parents and teachers in particular will find helpful.

The Marquis of Montrose.

[From the portrait by G. Honthorst.
From "The Marquis of Montrose," by John Buchan (Nelson)

We also select for printing:

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DARDANELLES. By S. A. Moseley. (Cassell.)

Essentially this is a book of youth, as well as of Truth. "The Most Magnificent Failure in History" is vividly pictured in a series of unforgettable vignettes, seen through the writer's temperament of optimism as magnificent as the scenes he portrays. His insight into the psychology of the soldier is marvellous, his courage in upholding the unpopular view of our operations in the Dardanelles as heroic as any of the deeds he describes. A book that will not only make History live, but should re-make reputations which ignorance and calumny might mar.

(M. Burbridge, 16, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliff, Essex.)

FONDIE. By E. Booth. (Duckworth.)

"Fondie" is an extraordinarily clever book, but a book that requires an extraordinary amount of leisure to read. Few people have much leisure nowadays, and one questions if the first half of this very long novel, purely employed in creating an atmosphere, might not with advantage have been considerably shortened. Not a line could be spared from the latter half. The catastrophe of poor, beautiful, neglected Blanche, and the faithful patience of Fondie are things for ever to be remembered, while all the minor characters are accurately observed and minutely sketched. A strangely haunting book.

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 11, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.)

We specially commend the reviews by E. Beechey (Pentre), James A. Richards (Tenby), Olive T. Verney (Beccles), Charles Smith (Middleham), Mary C. Mair (Haslemere), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), E. M. Cubison (Llandaff), G. Watts (Walthamstow), W. J. Roberts (Upper Clapton), Charles Hill (Edinburgh), John F. Leeming (Hale), A. W. King (Catford), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), H. K. Ainsworth (London, W.)

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to Francis J. Kelly, of 36, Primrose Avenue, Dublin.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.*

By Thomas Seccombe.

TRAILL'S illustrated "Social History of England" and the various types of Cambridge History, in water-tight chapters, with separate bibliographies, have prepared us for the exalted kind of book-making of which "Shakespeare's England" is such a superfine example; but they hardly prepared us for the pæan of praise and thanksgiving with which these two handsome volumes have been received in the public Press. Two such mighty galleons as the present volumes, loaded to the gunwale with encyclopedic information, are certainly exempt from successful frontal attack by any individual critic however well equipped; they have to be skirmished round lightly and more or less dexterously. Their incidence in the year 1916 is a circumstance of good augury; by what seems to have been an undesigned coincidence they have come into existence in the very year of Shakespeare's 300th anniversary. They form a competent Shakesperean Encyclopedia, and they can hardly fail to be regarded as the most notable collective memorial that English scholarship has produced in honour of the age of Shakespeare. A good many books have been evolved endeavouring to produce for us the social environment of the period in which Shakespeare played and wrote, one of the most successful perhaps being Sir Walter Scott's "The Fortunes of Nigel," the most laborious and most conscientiously prepared, it is believed, of all the Waverley Novels; but the principle of the division of labour has never been invoked to anything like the present extent, for such a purpose, upon such a scale. Such volumes as the present furnish a primrose path for the social student of the Shakesperean period, and should be invaluable to those who have to fabricate notes on the social life, the manners and customs illustrated in the various dramas; and the process is facilitated by the index of passages cited from Shakespeare's works, arranged in order under the headings of the respective plays. If Ben Jonson's plays were taken, it is probable that even a greater list of instances and quotations might be built up. There are some obvious drawbacks in dealing with a period quite so remote as that of Elizabeth, for instance, hardly any Memoirs. The absence of these precludes the literary small talk of the day from becoming crystallised at the hands of the congenital gossip, above all there was no Aubrey, no Pepys, no Boswell, no St. Simon, to depict the movement of the blood under the skin of the great ones of earth, to portray the Court scandals with never ending malice, and to pin down with a satire of light comedy the never failing caricatures, extravagances, and *petitesses* of the most outwardly resplendent circles in Court or Society.

One of the chief difficulties, of course, in a book of this kind is for anyone other than a Shakespearean annotator to assimilate such a disorderly mass of divergent information as is here communicated. In a great many parts the book is like a reading of Isaac Disraeli, Joseph Strutt, Chambers' "Book of Days," a type of reading which has been for a long time too much under a cloud, the real meaning always being in such a case that the old material needs a new and more appetising and modern method of presentation. To a large extent, apart from details of Court and Army and one or two trades, this is a glorified book of sports and pastimes of a past age. To know these is perhaps one of the best passports we have to the understanding of how our ancestors actually lived in the centuries that have gone.

From the twelfth to the fifteenth century in successive ages the time spirit produced the castle, the cathedral, the country town, and the palace; the age of Elizabeth was to a large extent responsible for the country house or mansion. Meanwhile, the townsfolk still remained in large measure country folk; poaching, as at Casterbridge, commenced a few yards without the borough limit and the burghers were devoted to country sports and amusements. Of these pursuits we get a most admirable vision here. There is plenty also to give us a very good idea of the material structure of the period, it is when we come to the structure of the

* "Shakespeare's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age." 2 Vols. 25s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

inner life that we recognise certain deficiencies in the Elizabethan age, deficiencies which we have possibly to some extent remedied. Shakespeare is almost a blank where the religion of his age is concerned, and it is impossible to avoid a considerable amount of suspicion as to whether the bulk of Shakespeare's contemporaries had any religion at all. The well-to-do had gone through a willow-pattern process, from Catholic to Protestant and back again, until a good many of them were ashamed of turning their coats any more. They were most of them strenuous upholders of the maintenance of Church lands in private possession, and to the extent to which the restoration of Church property was an axiom of Romanism, they were enthusiastic Protestants; from any other kind of abstract religious idea they were free conspicuously and from any kind of home sickness for the old home religion they seem to have been absolutely immune. The result of accommodating religion, to be the resultant of an elaborate and ambiguous state compromise, is shown in the complete lack of the inner light of the spirit which marks the most popular forms of literature in the Elizabethan age. There is very little in the Elizabethan age to let us into the secret of the spiritual aspirations, even of the small number of people habitually concerned with such matters. It is somewhat the same in regard to the relations of the sexes; the verisimilitude of Shakespeare's feminine characters has been over-rated, they were most of them ideal characters, they were intended to be played by boys; their relations with men were commonly of the ultra-straightforward type, so that none of the innermost recesses of the feminine nature are systematically explored. The absence of the novel in the present acceptation of the word, serves to account for the incomplete exploration of this great sector of life; similarly, the comparative absence of the Memoir cuts us off from a great deal of the personal gossip and comment, which is the life-blood of the inner animation of the Court.

Edward Alleyn.

From the painting in Dulwich College. Reproduced by permission of the Governors of the College.
From "Shakespeare's England" (Clarendon Press)

On the whole we have found it possible to derive much more entertainment from the illustrations of the lighter side of Elizabethan life, than from the compendious treatises upon the Navy, voyages and explorations, land travel, education, law, scholarship and the like. An exception must be made in favour of the chapter on the Court, in which from difficult material Mr. Chambers has given us a curious exotic picture. A good deal of the colouring, it is true, will be familiar to diligent students of Martin Hume, but the citations of Mr. Chambers nearly always have a spice of their own. Here is an amusing example. The Spanish Ambassador was riding with Leicester one morning in Windsor Park (1565): "We came round by the footpath leading to the riverside through the wood, to where the Queen lodges, and when we came to her apartments Leicester's fool made so much noise calling her that she came undressed to the window." We also hear something of Mary Fitton, who, says the writer, is much more likely to have been the Maria of Twelfth Night than the Lady of the Sonnets. A good deal of entertainment is to be found in the chapters on gardening and medicine. The supreme residuum of the old medical theories, mirrored in Shakespeare, is the doctrine of the humours which culminate in Ben Jonson. It was held that four fluid humours entered into the composition of man—blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, and that the predominance of one or the other fixed the temperament as sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy, and that the excess or morbid condition of any of these humours caused disease, curable only by voiding the peccant humours, whether by bleeding or drugging. Needless to say, a mass of folklore and superstition clung to most of the nascent sciences,

just as astrology and alchemy cling to astronomy and chemistry.

The chief interest of the book from our point of view culminates in the second of these bountiful volumes. The pictorial arts were not in very brilliant case, though miniatures on parchment and copper-plate engraving were making a fine start, but in music it was far otherwise. There had been a decline in English music between Flodden and the Armada, but from 1588 there was a rapid and notable advance. In madrigals and glees England rose superior to all rivals, and she had one of the finest musicians of the day in William Byrd. "Taken all round," says Mr. Squire, "Byrd is one of the very greatest musicians that England has produced; his greatness is only now beginning to be recognised, and his true position among European composers will only be realised when a complete edition of his works is available." It is to be hoped, therefore, that this edition is on its way to consummation. The instruments of the day cannot fail to intrigue one with their beauty. The chief among them were of course the lute, the viol, the cithern—a lute shaped instrument with a pair of wire strings tuned in unison and played with a plectrum, the recorder—ancestor of the flageolet, and the virginals. Appended to the account of music is a delightful glossary of musical terms, one of the chief acquisitions of the second volume. Then comes a most interesting disquisition on the architecture of the day, showing Charlecote, Holdenby House, Montacute—near Yeovil (one of the numerous mansions of the present Lord Curzon), Balborough Hall, Middle Temple Hall, the gallery at Haddon, and the staircase at Hatfield. For heraldry, resource has to be made mainly to Ben Jonson for illustration, but costume is of course an unending subject for the Elizabethan. Fashion seems to have lacked the power to restrain the Elizabethan gallant, and the sophisticated use that Shakespeare makes of costume was a favourite subject of Oscar Wilde. An Englishman's dress soon became to be a by-word in the rest of Europe. It is notable, however, that the form of the under-dress was less complicated than it is to-day, hardly anything was known in the shape of varied underclothing. Furniture, London and the life of the town, meals, christenings, give considerable opportunity for spicy chapters, but the subtleties of Elizabethan confectionery, marchpanes and sugar-meats can only be touched upon quite lightly within the limits of space allotted. One would like to hear more about the antique service of the ancient world, family retainers, the Elizabethan inns, justices in quarter-sessions (the J.P.'s were the standing army of the Tudors), and the period of adolescence and courtship as conducted in those times. A mass of information, much of it unfamiliar, is here collected concerning authors and patrons, and booksellers, printers, and stationers; not very much is able to be said, it seems, for our printers as artists, for with very few exceptions the books produced in this country are not to be compared—whether in beauty, correctness, or in perfection of workmanship—with the ordinary output of the chief foreign presses. None of the type used in England during the sixteenth century was of a very high standard of excellence, while the paper was mostly imported from the Continent. There is a capital chapter about all kinds of miscellanies in connection with acting and the actor, in spite of the vast amount that has been written of late, from the pen of Mr. Percy Simpson. We have already seen the liberty allowed Leicester's fool, and the practices of these patched fools or clowns, their improvising and jigging, is well indicated here. The playhouse, in turn, is illustrated with the greatest minuteness by William Archer and W. J. Lawrence. The out-door sports, hunting, coursing, fowling, angling, fencing, horsemanship, bearbaiting, are among the most delectable parts of the book. Ben Jonson, we gather, was a great huntsman by book, Shakespeare did his hunting much more naturally. Shakespeare himself seems to have known more about netting and driving deer than hunting them in the open, and he was more familiar with fallow than with red deer, but he knew all about hare-hunting and coursing, which was the favourite sport of the Elizabethans. The subject of falconry is always fascinating, the distinction here between the trainer of the goshawk (for birding) and the falconer—who flys his hawks on the open heaths or downs—is very happily made. Scott in "Kenilworth" is right, it appears, in depicting Queen Elizabeth as a great encourager of bearbaiting. In 1559 she provided in the grounds at Whitehall a great baiting of bears and bulls by English dogs in honour of the French ambassador; in 1586 a splendid exhibition was given at Greenwich concluded by the diversion of the ape on horseback. The bellowing, bawling, yawling, yelling of the excited spectators caused residents in the neighbourhood of these diversions great annoyance, and made a bear garden a proverbial synonym for a place of disorder. There is still a Bear Garden, near Rose and Falcon Alleys and Cardinal Cap Alley on the Bankside. Distinctive names were allotted to the bears, such as Harry Hunks, Tom of Lincoln, Sackerson, and Blind Robin.

The nomenclature of Elizabethan dances has still a certain amount of savour in it, like that of old musical instruments. Apart from the morris, these include the roundel, the hay, the trenchmore, the jig, the hornpipe, the dump (a slow mournful dance), the cinquapace (an early form of galliard), "fast and faster," the pavane (a stately dignified measure, hence the proverb "every pavane has its galliard"), the capriole is perhaps a motion in the nimble galliard or volte, the coranto was a hopping dance apparently of a somewhat similar kind, and the brawl or branle was apparently something of a cognate description, but became a generic term for all dances led by one or two dancers, whose methods were followed and repeated by the others.

The games of the period amuse us by the resemblance of those to-day—tennis, *jeu de paume*, football, bowls, quoits, nine-holes, shove board, hazard in various forms, and primero—in which the cards were represented just as they are to-day, and the game resembles the Spanish *ombre*—so popular in the days of Pope and Swift. Queen Elizabeth, like Miranda, played at chess, while draughts and backgammon were already popular.

Then we have much delectable information about rogues and vagabonds, and the delightful touch on ballads and broadsides from the skilful pen of Professor Firth.

It seems late in the day to commence a disquisition

on Shakespeare's English and pronunciation, but the reader who would acquit himself like a man must digest this before he can conclude this extraordinary book of over a thousand pages and upon the accomplishment obtain from his conscience a self-conferred diploma of denizenship in Elizabethan England.

The animals of Shakespeare perhaps deserve rather fuller and more allusive treatment than they obtain here, the section devoted to them is little more than a catalogue, but it is adorned by delightful pictures of the phœnix, the unicorn, dragons, and an elephant attacked by a dragon. The pictures on the whole are worthy of an effort so well sustained in so many directions; a small number are familiar to students of the "Illustrated Green," the "Illustrated Social History," and Lee's "Illustrated Life of Shakespeare," but the pictures of Elizabethan London and the costumes of the period are always welcome. A very interesting portrait is that of the composer, John Bull; there is a very fine picture of the Court of Wards and Liveries in 1585; a most interesting Elizabethan picture of the game of primero; a clever re-construction of the Fortune Theatre after Mr. W. H. Godfrey's drawing from the "Builders' Contract"; a number of field sport scenes by Johannes Stradanus; and altogether there are just upon two hundred pictures—small and large—including the two well selected photogravure frontispieces, one Hoefnagel's "The Marriage Fête at Horsley Down," in the collection of the Marquis of Salisbury (Hatfield House, by the way, is rather badly treated in some of the reproductions), and the other is the ever brilliant and never hackneyed "Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Blackfriars" during the June of 1600, in the collection of the Earl of Ilchester at Melbury.

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU.

By S. M. Ellis.

NEARLY every one likes a good "ghost story," and nearly all imaginative writers have, at some period of their literary development, directed their minds and pens to the supernatural. From the earliest days of writing, ghostly legend and tales of terror have maintained a prominent place. Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and elsewhere, did not disdain the ghost. In the eighteenth century, apart from "Monk" Lewis and Maturin, the subject was rather ignored, or treated from the standpoint of mysterious occurrences accounted for and explained in the end by natural causes. This was the unfortunate method of Mrs. Radcliffe, who, if she had treated the supernatural seriously, would be more highly regarded to-day as a romancer. Since the time of Sir Walter Scott the ghost story has been a recognised branch of the romance writer's art, and all the best exponents of fiction—with the exception of Thackeray and Meredith—have essayed the subject. Scott himself with "The Tapestried Chamber" and "Wandering Willie's Tale" produced two of the finest examples of the supernatural story. Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Ainsworth, Mrs. Gaskell, the Brontës, E. A. Poe, Marryat, Wilkie Collins, Stevenson, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Kipling, William De Morgan, H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, E. F. Benson, Marion Crawford, Montague Rhodes James, and Algernon Blackwood have all written impressively and in mood sympathetic of the supernatural. But all these, with the exception of Mr. Blackwood, only dealt with the subject incidentally, and are read and remembered for many other phases of literary expression. With Sheridan Le Fanu the case is different; for though he, too, wrote all kinds of novels—humorous and historical, and of his contemporary social life—and poems and ballads both grave and gay, yet to-day he is primarily remembered as *the* master of horror and the mysterious as exemplified, at his best, in "Uncle Silas" and "In a Glass Darkly." As will be seen later, his mind eventually became obsessed with the grim phantasms he had created: but his early days were bright and happy.

J. Sheridan Le Fanu.
From an old photograph.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu was the descendant of a distinguished Huguenot family (possessing a *titre de noblesse* granted by Henri IV. in 1595). His ancestor, Etienne Le Fanu, Sieur de Mondeville, suffered imprisonment in France for the cause of religion. Etienne's son, Philippe, and his grandson, Guillaume — then a child— left France between 1708 and 1713, and lived for some years in London. About 1730 they settled in Dublin, where a cousin, Charles Le Fanu de Cresseron (who was a pensioner from the army of William III.) was already living. Thus was the family established in Ireland. Guillaume Le Fanu married Henrietta Raboteau de

Puygibaud, also a Huguenot, and their son Joseph held the appointment of Clerk of the Coast in Ireland. This Joseph Le Fanu and his brother Henry respectively married Alicia and Elizabeth Sheridan, sisters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Joseph and Alicia Le Fanu were the parents of Thomas Philip Le Fanu. He became a clergyman and Dean of Emly, and was the father of Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, the subject of this memoir. In addition to being the grand-nephew of the author of "The School for Scandal," the future novelist of mystery had other literary influences in his childhood, for his Sheridan grandmother, Alicia, was the author of "Sons of Erin, or Modern Sentiment," a comedy, 1812; and his mother (Emma, daughter of the Rev. W. Dobbin, D.D., of Dublin) was a writer of some merit.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu was born on August 28th, 1814, at the Royal Hibernian Military School, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, of which his father was at the time Chaplain. The boy, together with his sister Catherine and younger brother William, consequently spent his early years near to Chapelizod, that picturesque suburb of Dublin, whereof he retained many romantic memories that forty years later found vivid expression in his powerful romance, "The House by the Churchyard."

As in the case of other literary men, Le Fanu very early showed his predilection for writing. When about five years old he was wont to draw little pictures to which he appended a descriptive moral. One of these represented a balloon, with the airmen falling headlong to the ground, and the unorthodox "moral" written below was, "See the effects of trying to go to Heaven." He also composed little songs, which he sang very charmingly; and by the time he was fifteen he had produced some creditable verse in the pensive, melancholy strain to which youthful, imaginative writers are partial. Nevertheless he was a merry, witty boy, much addicted to practical joking and with an apt turn for repartee. For example. He was invariably late for morning prayers, and on one occasion he did not appear till ten o'clock, when breakfast was nearly over. His father, the Dean, taking out his watch, said in his severest voice, "I ask you, Joseph, is this right?" "No, sir," replied the boy, glancing at the watch, "I'm sure it must be fast."

Abington Rectory, Co. Limerick.

The home of Sheridan Le Fanu in boyhood.

Photographed for this article by Lady Barrington, of Glenstal.

It was in 1826, when Le Fanu was twelve years old, that his father became Dean of Emly and Rector of Abington, and to the latter place, in Co. Limerick, the family accordingly removed. Abington was a centre of typical Irish rural life of that period, and a most entertaining account of the experiences of the young people at the Rectory will be found in "Seventy Years of Irish Life" by William Le Fanu, the Dean's younger son. The faction fights and the superstitions of the peasantry were of immense interest to the boys, and here they heard much of—and perhaps saw—a famous outlaw named Kirby, whose escapades were the inspiring cause of Sheridan Le Fanu's famous ballad of "Shamus O'Brien" in later years. All through his life he had an innate deep sympathy for the wild, unruly elements of the Irish character, and at heart he was ever a Nationalist, though he deprecated any public movement of reaction tending to violence in political affairs. His interest in the patriots of his native land was fostered in early life by his mother, who gloried in being a "rebel." She had known personally some of those who had been executed for their participation in '98, including the brothers Sheares, and she possessed the actual dagger—venerated by her as a sacred relic—with which Lord Edward FitzGerald had killed Captain Ryan in that terrible scene of his capture in Thomas Street, Dublin.

The education of the Le Fanu boys, with the exception of English and French taught by their father, was at first entrusted to a certain elderly clergyman named Stinson, an eccentric character and quite careless of his duty, for he let his pupils do much as they pleased the while he devoted his own time to preparations for fishing, which was the obsessing mania of his life. Fortunately, Sheridan Le Fanu had a taste for reading on

Chapelizod, near Dublin.

The locality of "The House by the Churchyard." Sheridan Le Fanu was born (1814), and spent his childhood, at the Royal Hibernian Military School, the large building seen in the background of the above view.

From a photograph sent by Miss Alice Lee.

his own account, and made good use of his father's well-stocked library, which contained many books on curious and occult subjects. Here, perhaps, may be traced the source of influence which caused him to discover his real *métier*—the supernatural—for whilst still a student of Trinity College, Dublin, where he entered in 1833, he commenced his literary career by writing ghost stories.

Le Fanu's first published story, entitled "The Ghost and the Bone-setter," appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1838, when he was twenty-three years of age. During the next two years the same magazine printed twelve further contributions from his pen. "The Fortunes of Sir Robert Ardagh" and "Schalken the Painter" are very grim and vivid stories of satanic possession, much aided by picturesque detail. "The Last Heir of Castle Connor" contains a powerful description of a fatal duel. "Passage in the Secret History of an Irish Countess" is the original form of his later most famous work, "Uncle Silas," which was elaborated from this early sketch. In the same way, "A Chapter in the History of a Tyrone Family" was many years later extended into the work now known as "The Wyvern Mystery."

All these early contributions to *The Dublin University Magazine* appeared anonymously, and purported to be transcripts from actual experiences narrated, in virtue of his ghostly office, to Father Francis Purcell, a parish priest in the south of Ireland, and by him recorded in his private papers. "The Purcell Papers" were collected and published by Bentley in 1880, being prefixed by Mr. Alfred P. Graves's memoir of the author. The original ingenuous deception concerning the authorship was elaborated in the eighth Purcell Paper, "Scraps of Hibernian Ballads," by the introduction of one Michael Finley, an Irish minstrel, to whom Le Fanu chose to attribute the authorship of his ballads—including that on Lord Edward FitzGerald and the popular "Phaudhrig Crohoore," which was here printed for the first time (June, 1839). This form of literary hoax was just then much in vogue owing to the brilliant polyglot productions in verse and prose of Francis Mahony figuring as "Father Prout." In addition to Le Fanu, two other clever Irishmen, William Maginn and Edward Kenealy adopted this form of anonymity; and in England, Thackeray, Ainsworth, and others, wrote under various disguises in their earlier years. In so far as Finley had an original it was Paddy O'Neill, a fiddler and bagpipe-player, who composed his own songs for the amusement of the passengers on the steamer plying between Limerick and Kilrush; and Le Fanu took much pleasure in his society and songs when staying at Kilkee during summer holidays. "Phaudhrig Crohoore" was written at the request of William Le Fanu, who wishing for a ballad of this description that he could recite, said to his brother, "Give me an Irish 'Young Lochinvar.'" Sheridan Le Fanu's most famous ballad, "Shamus O'Brien," was written in 1840, in a few days, and sent on scraps of paper to his brother, who, after he had learned the song by heart, lost the original script. So when, later on, a copy was required, it rested with him to write out the ballad from memory. It was first published, in July, 1850, in *The Dublin University Magazine*. When Samuel Lover visited America during his reading tour in 1846 he recited "Shamus O'Brien" with the greatest success, and owing to the fact that he added a few lines of his own, wherein he made Shamus emigrate to America, the authorship of the ballad was often attributed to him. The correct version, as written by Le Fanu, ends with the line, "And fined like the devil because Jim done them fairly." As before stated, Shamus O'Brien had his prototype in Kirby of Co. Limerick; and Le Fanu

The Grange, Birr.

Home of Mrs. Sheridan Le Fanu, *née* Bennett, before her marriage.
From a photograph sent by Miss Alice Lee.

18 (now 70), Merrion Square, Dublin,

where Sheridan Le Fanu lived for many years. He died here 7th February, 1873.
Photographed for this article by Mr. S. G. Henderson.

placed the outlaw's home in the Glen of Aherlow, a picturesque spot he saw under romantic conditions during a walking tour in the summer of 1838. He and his party got lost at night on the Galtee mountains in a thick mist. Here they encountered a wild, galloping horse, which the peasantry—and no doubt Le Fanu also—believed to be the phooka, the four-footed demon in equine guise, well-known in the superstitions of the south of Ireland. The opera based on "Shamus O'Brien," with music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (a cousin of Mrs. Sheridan Le Fanu) was produced in 1896.

William Richard Le Fanu.

Brother of Sheridan Le Fanu. From an early photograph (taken about 1856).

Author of "Seventy Years of Irish Life." He married Miss Henrietta Barrington, of Glenstal, 1857, and died 1894.

In May, 1838, Le Fanu was in London with a view to entering Lincoln's Inn. He was entertained by his connection Sheridan Knowles, and by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. But his legal project in England was suddenly abandoned, for he was back in Dublin by the end of June; and after taking his B.A. degree at Trinity College, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1839. However, to the disappointment of his friends, Le Fanu abandoned also the Law in Ireland and identified himself with journalism. About 1841 he became the proprietor and editor of *The Warder*, a notable Irish paper; and in 1842 he bought *The Protestant Guardian* and merged it in the former journal. He later owned a third share in *The Statesman*, and *The Dublin Evening Packet* and *Evening Mail*. For this last named paper he wrote some very clever political skits—and his satire was scathing. Although as editor of this paper he advocated High Tory doctrine, at heart, as already related, his sympathies were with the Nationalists who suffered in the manner of his Shamus O'Brien.

In 1844 Le Fanu married Susan, daughter of George Bennett, Q.C., by whom he had a family of two sons and two daughters. When Mr. Bennett died, he left his house No. 18 (now 70) Merrion Square, Dublin, to his son-in-law. Hither Sheridan Le Fanu accordingly removed, and this house was his home for the rest of his life, and the place where most of his literary work was written. His first book, which occupied some years, was published in 1845 and entitled "The Cock and Anchor"—an excellent "costume" romance of old Dublin in the eighteenth century, abounding with exciting adventures, highway robberies, murders, and hair-breadth escapes. It also presents very accurate and picturesque scenic descriptions and some clever characterisation. Blarden was an earlier study of implacable villainy, just as Miss Martha in a way foreran the terrible Frenchwoman in "Uncle Silas"; and Oliver French is quite an original, humorous creation. This book was followed in 1847 by "The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien," illustrated by Phiz, a Jacobite story dealing with the time when James II. was in Ireland, in 1689–90, and the unhappy days after the Battle of the Boyne. Many of the scenes were laid in the Limerick district so well-known to the author, and the story, despite faults of style, for incident and adventure can hold its own with the best rivals in the same school of romance. Strange to say, these two books were not very successful, and did little to make Le Fanu known in his native country. Somewhat disappointed, he, for the time being, abandoned the composition of romances, and, with the exception of writing a few ghost stories and other short pieces, the next fifteen years were devoted to journalism. It is matter for regret that Le Fanu received no encouragement to continue his series of Irish historical romances, for few writers were so ably equipped to understand and interpret the forces, spiritual and natural, of his romantic native land. He might have done for Ireland what Scott achieved for Scotland.

In 1851 Le Fanu published anonymously a little red volume entitled "Ghost Stories and Tales of Mystery," with four illustrations by Phiz. It contained, in addition to "The Evil Guest" and two other stories reprinted from *The Dublin University Magazine*, one of the author's finest essays in the horrible—"The Watcher" (the title was inappropriately changed to "The Familiar" when the story was reprinted in "In a Glass Darkly"). For sheer terror, the haunting of the unhappy protagonist of this tale has no equal. It is a crescendo of horror. At first he is conscious of footsteps dogging him at lonely spots. They intensify. In time, the malignant Watcher becomes visible; and then that appalling death scene, where the author skilfully leaves to the imagination what supreme terror finally wrested the shuddering soul from poor Barton's body. "The Watcher" was excellently illustrated, together with other early tales, by the author's son, Brinsley Le Fanu, in the editions published by Downey, 1889–1896.

It was the accident of domestic bereavement that caused Le Fanu to turn again to the writing of full-length novels (with only occasional Irish setting). His wife died prematurely in 1858, and her loss was an irreparable grief to Le Fanu. From this date he became a recluse and gave up all society save that of a few relatives and intimate friends. It was during the resulting sad and lonely period that his thoughts reverted to literary composition for solace, and the result was

that fine—perhaps his finest—romance, "The House by the Churchyard." Herein he conjured up and related with the flair of a consummate tale-teller all the romantic conditions and traditions of Chapelizod familiar to him in his boyhood. Many actual characters he remembered are introduced, and every aspect of the aforetime village minutely described. Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., has remarked to me how wonderfully accurate are the archæological details of this book—the costumes, the weapons, the furnishings of the period of the story are all depicted with the knowledge of a connoisseur. There is a sense of impending and immutable tragedy that arrests attention throughout the long length of this story. Light scenes may intervene, but ever the *motifs* of murder and retribution press forward with a sort of stately inevitableness. No need to point out the powerful, grim characterisation that gives life to Dangerfield, Sturk, Black Dillon, and many another. "The House by the Churchyard" was issued first in *The Dublin University Magazine* (which Le Fanu had just purchased) during 1862–3 under the family pseudonym of Charles de Cresseron, and it was published in London by Tinsley in 1863.

"Wylder's Hand" followed rapidly in 1863–4, and this second grim story of murder and retributive fate was regarded by the author's friend, Charles Lever, as Le Fanu's finest work. Lever wrote to him: "You will never beat it—equal it you may. . . . It is first-rate . . . at my fireside you carry off the palm from all competitors." Yet Lever's kindly estimate was controverted almost ere it was penned, for there followed the same year, 1864, "Uncle Silas," which is generally held to be Le Fanu's masterpiece. Here, again, it is the sense of impending tragedy and horror long drawn out which is almost overwhelming in its cumulative effect. The imagination is excited and dilated to such a pitch that when the actual scene of the murder is reached it is almost an anticlimax. In the original short form of the story it was the heroine's girl cousin who was murdered in mistake, and hence its title, "The Murdered Cousin," when reprinted in "Ghost Stories." In "Uncle Silas" the victim was changed to Madame de la Rougierre. This terrible, weird Frenchwoman was, perhaps, Le Fanu's most powerful creation, though Silas Ruthyn himself is a most subtle study of cool, calculating, velvet-gloved villainy. Madame de la Rougierre had a prototype for some of her physical and mental characteristics in the person of a Swiss governess who was known to Sheridan Le Fanu in his childhood. His recollections of this woman and his literary art combined to create one of the four supreme governesses of fiction—though as regards the other three, Jane Eyre, Miss Wirt, and Miss Gwilt, only the last named was of criminal quality. Much of "Uncle Silas" was written at Beaumaris, where Le Fanu often took his family for the summer holidays He had a strong love for the place, as he had stayed there with his wife in the happy days of the past. Another locality he had visited with her soon after their marriage was Buxton; and the fateful house and gloomy domain of Bartram-Haugh in Derbyshire, so minutely pictured in "Uncle Silas," could be identified with an estate in the neighbourhood of that town.

Le Fanu had now in the course of three years produced

Mrs. Le Fanu
(Susan Bennett).
wife of Sheridan Le Fanu. She died 28th April, 1858, aged 35.
From a Daguerreotype.

three sensational stories of murder, and some public comment on his predilection for mystery and bloodshed no doubt caused him to prefix to "Uncle Silas" his able defence of the sensational novel, wherein he maintained that death, crime, and mystery find a place in all the romances of Walter Scott. During this period also he wrote some fine romantic ballads, including

Photo by Russell & Son. **Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu,**
son of Sheridan Le Fanu.

"The Legend of the Glaive." "Beatrice," a romantic drama, dates from 1865. These, like most of his novels, appeared first in *The Dublin University Magazine*.

The next few years were busy ones for Le Fanu. Between 1865 and 1869 he produced six excellent novels, more or less sensational—"Guy Deverell," "All in the Dark," "The Tenants of Mallory," "A Lost Name," "Haunted Lives," and "The Wyvern Mystery." Although Le Fanu was now a recluse, he still, at this period, found pleasure in the society of a few valued relatives and friends. His gifted Sheridan cousins, Mrs. Norton and Lady Gifford (to whom "Uncle Silas" was dedicated), used to visit him; and an ever-welcome guest was his late wife's niece, Miss Rhoda Broughton. Mr. Percy FitzGerald and Mr. Alfred P. Graves were also much at the house, and when Charles Lever was in Dublin in 1865, the melancholy author of mysterious tales found much delight in the boisterous company of rollicking Harry Lorrequer. For Le Fanu was a man of moods. At times he, too, could still be anecdotal and tell an amusing story as well as any Irishman, for his sense of humour never left him, though it became—like his love of practical jokes—more and more suppressed by gloomy fancies as his years drew to an end.

Mr. Percy FitzGerald has drawn a pleasant picture of Le Fanu's home life, and how of an evening in the old house in Merrion Square, hung with Sheridan and other family portraits, Miss Rhoda Broughton used to read aloud her early literary efforts—tales of rugged heroes and fragile heroines. It was her uncle, Le Fanu, who established Miss Broughton as a novelist, for he accepted her first stories "Not Wisely but Too Well" and "Cometh up as a Flower" for his own magazine, and in due course introduced her to his London publisher, Bentley. Miss Broughton has a very agreeable recollection of Le Fanu as a courteous host and entertaining talker, though by reason of his arduous literary work he only appeared at meals and in the evening.

He thought he heard it say, "Still alive!"

From an illustration to Sheridan Le Fanu's story, "The Watcher," drawn by Brinsley Le Fanu, 1894.

Le Fanu's method of work was rather peculiar. He wrote much at night, in bed, using bound books of copy-paper for his manuscripts. He always had two candles by his side on a small table; one of these would be left alight when he took a short sleep. Waking again about 2 a.m., he would brew himself some strong tea—which he drank habitually and frequently—and then write for another hour or two in that eerie period of the night when human vitality is at its lowest ebb, and occult powers said to be in the ascendant. No wonder, with his brain working so actively, day and night, with his terrible and mysterious mental creations, that in these last years Le Fanu was haunted by horrible dreams, and that his mind became obsessed with the supernatural. Probably some of his last horrifying stories—"Green Tea," the vampire "Carmilla," and others—came to him in the form of dreams. But apart from drinking much strong tea, from which he obtained inspiration, he was a most abstemious man, and a non-smoker. Le Fanu always breakfasted in bed, and about mid-day went down to his rather gloomy dining-room at the back of the house, where he would resume work, writing at a little table which had been a favourite possession of his grand-uncle, R. B. Sheridan. This room opened out on a small garden, pleasant in spring with lilac and flowering shrubs and fruit blossom, and in this little monastic-like close he took what exercise he fancied, pacing the paths with pencil and paper in hand. In these last years he rarely left his own boundaries. Only under cover of the darkness of night would he sometimes venture out to the office of his magazine; or to some old bookshop in search of works dealing with demonology or ghost lore, where he would pore over the volumes the booksellers had reserved for him. Although the supernatural was his obsessing passion, he apparently never embraced any of the visionary doctrines concerned with magic and intercourse with spirits. He was deeply learned in the views of Swedenborg and the other exponents of demoniacal possession; but the anæmic and mild manifestations of ordinary spiritualism had no attraction for him: his imagination soared to terrific horrors far beyond spirit rappings and writings and faint materialisations, and lingered with

> "The dark folk who live in souls
> Of passionate men, like bats in the dead trees;
> And with the wayward twilight companies."

After Le Fanu gave up the editorship of *The Dublin University Magazine* in 1869, he practically disappeared from mortal ken for the remaining four years of his life. He would now see no one, and even his old friend, Charles Lever, was refused admittance when he called at 18, Merrion Square during his last visit to Dublin. This Le Fanu soon had cause to regret, for Lever died shortly after. Such was the state of social extinction of one who had been in other days, to quote Mr. A. P. Graves, "the beau ideal of an Irish wit and scholar of the old school." He still worked as hard and prolifically as ever. In 1871 he produced three works—"Checkmate"; "The Rose and the Key," one of the best of his later

sensational novels and dealing with the horrors of a private asylum; and "Chronicles of Golden Friars," which contains some excellent ghost stories. In 1872 was published "In a Glass Darkly," comprising Le Fanu's finest short stories—"Green Tea," "The Familiar" ("The Watcher"), "Mr. Justice Harbottle," "Carmilla," and "The Dragon Volant." "Green Tea" had originally appeared in *All the Year Round* in 1869, and was just such a grim tale of the supernatural as Dickens delighted in.

Shortly before his death Le Fanu finished his last book, to which by a strange coincidence or premonition he gave the title of "Willing to Die." He died at 18, Merrion Square on February 7th, 1873, from heart disease, after a long and painful illness. One of the most persistent of the weird dreams that troubled his sleeping hours during his last years was of a vast and mysterious old mansion (such as he had often depicted in his stories) in a state of decay and threatening imminently to fall upon and crush the dreamer. So painful was this recurring nightmare that he would struggle and cry out in his sleep, and he mentioned the matter to his doctor. When the end came, and the doctor stood by the bedside of Sheridan Le Fanu and looked at the face of the dead man, he said: "I feared this—that house fell at last."

From a painting by his son, Brinsley Le Fanu.

J. Sheridan Le Fanu.

I have pointed out the versatility of Le Fanu's work—how he at different times was a writer of ballads voicing the aspirations and romance of Irish national life; a journalist expressing High Tory views; an historical romance writer; a writer of squibs and satires; a fine poet; and a supreme author of ghost stories and novels of murder and mystery. In these last categories he is pre-eminent, and his success is almost entirely achieved by his art of *suggesting* evil presences and coming horrors. Very rarely is there an actual, visible ghost in his stories. His was not the old school of traditionary apparitions, in white or grey, with blue fire, clanking chain, and wailing cry. His spectres—far more terrible—are in the brain of the haunted. Demoniacal possession, and the resultant delusional apparition, or concrete crime—these are the bases of Le Fanu's finest stories. For the actual details of a murder it is true he had rather a morbid partiality, and spared no particulars about the wounds and blood and the aspect of the mangled or strangled corpse. Like Ainsworth, he was distinctly macaberesque, and both seem to have had a sort of flair for scenes of human torture and physical pain. There is a description in "Torlogh O'Brien" of the death of a man by the strappado which makes painful reading, so particular are the details of the agony. But, after all, this is merely realism, and realism is not unknown or unprofitable to romance writers of to-day. However realistic Le Fanu may be, there is over all his scenes of horror a softening veil of romance and mystery; and if Death is all too prominent in his books—why so it is, unhappily, in real life, and Le Fanu's chief exemplar is but a reminder of that inexorable enemy from whom no poor mortal may escape at the last.

New Books.

WAR POETS AND OTHERS.

In a bundle of nine little books, three are called by names sadly and gloriously familiar to us—Ypres, Festubert, Neuve Chapelle. It seems impossible, indeed, for the poets to get away from the heart-moving war, that great fount and inspiration of poetry in our day. The war has uplifted and cleansed poetry. It has created it where else it would never have existed. As one who for years has been a reviewer of poetry, I am amazed at the quality of the great output of verse in our days. Pity and suffering, death and exaltation, make for a finer poetry than love of nature or love between men and women, which used to be the almost inevitable inspirations, and very often were sadly inadequate. As for corruption, which has sometimes quickened the poets, that note jars in our day, when it is heard.

To begin with the more remarkable of this group of

nine, let us give first place to "Ypres, and other Poems,"[1] because it is a soldier's book, and that is a precedence that neither Mr. Maurice Hewlett nor Mr. W. G. Hole will grudge Mr. Shakespeare. Sidgwick & Jackson's name on a volume of poetry is nearly always a guarantee of its quality, and in this slender volume no lover of poetry will be disappointed. These songs are of the pity of the war, the love of comrades, the love of woman, soldier songs that have found their clean inspiration in great and simple things. We shall want to keep the three Ypres poems as living and flaming impressions of the war.

"Hope and mirth are gone. Beauty is departed.
Heaven's hid in smoke, if there's Heaven still.
Silent the city, friendless, broken-hearted,
Crying in quiet as a widow will.
Oh, for the sound here of a good man's laughter,
Of one blind beggar singing in the street,
Where there's no sound, except a blazing rafter
Falls, and the patter of a starved dog's feet."

Mr. Hewlett, who must else have had pride of place with "Gai Saber"[2]—a punning title—has an opulent mind. He makes tapestry with anyone, and he has great fecundity of thought and image. His is the true Spirit of Romance. One might do worse in these days of stress and suffering than to wander in his faery forests and find a golden way of escape from the human sorrow. But, when all is said and done, one turns to the war-poems, or poems in war-time, at the end of the book, not the less welcome because of their sanity, and sanity is a quality much war poetry misses.

"'O mother, mother, isn't it fun
The soldiers marching past in the sun?'
'Child, child, what are you saying?
Come to church! We should be praying.'

'Look, mother, at their bright spears!'
'The leaves are falling like women's tears.'
'You are not looking at what I see.'
'Nay, but I look at what must be.'

'Hark to the piper! See the flags flying!'
'I hear the sound of a girl crying.'
'How many hundreds before they're done?'
'How many mothers wanting a son?'

'Here rides the General pacing slow!'
'Well, he may, if he knows what I know.'
'O, this war, what a glorious game!'
'Sin and shame, sin and shame!'"

It is these poems in the ballad manner, red with humanity, that one turns to before Mr. Hewlett's delightsome things.

Devon is surely a kingdom and a people all its own. The breed of Devon poets is a thing as much apart as the breed of Devon sailors. Her strain may run through the English strain, but it does not mingle, and, like Ireland, like Brittany, she is the mother of patriots. Mr. W. G. Hole deserves well of Devon. He is a true poet. His "Men of Devon"[3] is full of the smell of the sea, the colour and scent of the moors and the combes. Much of this book is very remarkable poetry, with the earth-stains in it and the real stuff of life. Such poems as "The Post-boy" and "Slow Poison" ought to live. Mr. Hole is a true poet who brings to others not of Devon sense and sight of the magic which rules the hearts of her sons, and fashions them to great ends.

"The Sorrow that Whistled"[4] is an unusual little book, as suits with its name. The writer, whom one takes to be young, revels in Eastern colour and fragrance. He can do something quite good and simple, such as "While Scouring Linen." On the other hand, he can do something extremely bad, as in the "Thoughts of a Refugee." Yet there is here a promise, and, not unconnected with it, indications that J. H. Stables is a young soldier. There could be no better school for a young poet who wants to shed the faults of youth than the trenches.

"Festubert"[5] is a dignified little volume. There is nothing unworthy of its subject; there is a real sense of beauty, and very often stateliness and the capacity to make a picture. A little quickening of the manner and measure—a departure from the studied coldness of the blank verse—might be advised to Mr. Wynne Sewell, although there is something to like in this austerity.

Mr. Bellchambers' "Night Visions and Day Dreams"[6] is a poetical little book. This singer has not heard the war at all. He is still wandering in Fairyland, and through the fairyland of the fields and woods. A delicate and refined fancy, a real love for beautiful things, a simple and sincere heart, are in this little book, which is also most pleasantly musical.

"Pastorals,"[7] by E. C. Blunden, also comes from the young poets' friend, Erskine Macdonald. We are told it is the work of a public school boy, who ten months ago was still at school and a scholar-elect of Queen's College, Oxford, and is now a soldier. These are very good credentials, and we turn to the poems with a quickened interest. But they are quite good enough to stand on their merits. This young poet has a passionate feeling for the beauty of the world, as he sees it in his own Kent and Sussex. He has a vocabulary; he has style and music. There is a real assurance of poetry to come in this little book.

Miss Gregory's "Apples of Gold"[8] has a good deal of literary feeling and taste, but little poetical achievement; and the same may be said of "Neuve Chapelle"[9] If this latter was written out of personal experience there is little to show it. The war has not lifted all whom it has influenced to even the lower little hills of poetry.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[1] "Ypres, and Other Poems." By W. G. Shakespeare. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[2] "Gai Saber: Tales and Songs." By Maurice Hewlett. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[3] "Men of Devon." By W. G. Hole. 1s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)
[4] "The Sorrow that Whistled." By J. H. Stables. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[5] "Festubert." By Wynne Sewell. 1s. net. (Sampson Low.)
[6] "Night Visions and Day Dreams." By J. A. Bellchambers. 1s. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[7] "Pastorals." By E. C. Blunden. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[8] "Apples of Gold." By Octavia Gregory. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
[9] "Neuve Chapelle, and Other Poems." By H. A. Nesbitt. 1s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

"SAPPER."*

Most of the best books about the war, whether in the way of fiction or narrative of fact, have been written by the fighting men themselves, and moreover by those among them who have only become authors since the war began. "Sapper," for example, was unknown in the world of letters until he published that brilliant book of war stories, "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," but his pseudonym was a household word by the time his second volume, "The Lieutenant and Others," made its appearance, and now, when these two have already sold about a quarter of a million copies, comes his third book, "Men, Women and Guns," which is, in some respects, the cleverest of the three.

The prevailing characteristic of "Sapper's" stories is a certain quaint, delightfully whimsical humour: it plays through all of them, a glancing light among their grimmest shadows, a human note among the horrors and thunders of battle. But there is more than the humorist at work in such a tale of pity and pathos as "Private Meyrick: Company Idiot"; or in that thrilling romance of daring adventure, "Spud Trevor of the Red Hussars."; and for sheer poignant tragedy and imaginative force one recalls few stories, if any, that surpass "The Death Grip." If I were put to it I should probably select as the finest story in this new collection—the subtlest and the finest in artistic finish—that bizarre psychological study "The Fatal Second"; it leaves you wondering whether if Jerry

* "Men, Women and Guns." By "Sapper." 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dixon had told the whole appalling truth to the girl he loved she would not have understood and been able to acquit him of blame, yet you feel that the end is better as it is, that no other end could have been quite so fitting or satisfying.

Although these stories are fiction, they bring the realities of the war home to you, and bring home to you, too, what the war means to the men who are fighting in it and to the people who wait for news of them outside the battle zone; they have atmosphere, you feel the war in the air of them—perhaps because that is the atmosphere in which the author himself really happens to be living. The strength of the stories lies in their naturalness; there is no painting only in greys and blacks for the sake of getting an easy realistic effect; their humour is part of their realism and intensifies it. We have had many stories of the war, but none that are fresher, livelier, or more impressively convincing than these.

H. H.

FAITH OR FEAR? *

There is a common agreement between the editor and the four other contributors to this book, Mr. Donald Hankey, the Rev. Harold Anson, Mr. William Scott Palmer, and the Rev. F. Lewis Donaldson, that something is radically wrong with the Church, and that the time has come for drastic reforms and reorganisation. Mr. Matthews says emphatically that he does not believe the Church of England, of which he is a priest, will survive when the war is over "unless an almost incredible change of mind takes place among our clergy. If it does not take place, the days of the Church of England, though not those of the Christian Church, are assuredly numbered." That is a very prevalent conviction with the general public. There are brave things in this book that might not come with a good grace from a layman, but written as they are by those who are themselves Churchmen nobody can suspect they are inspired by anything but a passion for truth and righteousness.

For instance, Mr. Donaldson speaks of how the labouring classes have lived under industrial tyranny, and asks, "Why are we puzzled at their alienation from a Church which, for centuries, has been in close alliance with the powers of privilege that were set up against the people?" And Mr. Aston reminds us of the excellent resolution passed not long ago by certain of the Bishops that "we believe it to be the fundamental Christian principle of wages that the first charge upon any industry should be the proper maintenance of the labourers," and does not shrink from suggesting the uselessness of a mere resolution and that the Church should forthwith decide whether, admitting this principle, it can consistently continue to receive tithes in view of "the present wage to labourers in that industry from which the tithe is derived."

It is only by such a fearlessly honest stock-taking and resolute squaring of accounts that the Church can hope to save itself; it needs to reform not only in matters of self-government but in matters of doctrine and ritual; it has lost the confidence of the multitude because it has been time-serving, unprogressive, and in some things insincere. Every religious man, especially every churchman, should read this thoughtful, earnest and finely uncompromising volume; it does a great service to the highest cause by saying plainly much that badly needed to be said.

* "Faith or Fear? An Appeal to the Church of England." Edited by Charles H. S. Matthews. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Stranraer Castle.

One of the charming drawings by Hugh Thomson illustrating "Highways and Byways in Galloway and Carrick," by the Rev. C. H. Dick (Macmillan)

LATTER DAY FICTION.*

Those who are writing novels at the present time can escape from the war no more easily than can their readers. It is with them as constantly as with others, disturbing, confusing, clarifying; and while the day has passed when a few novelists hastily revised their final pages in order to give us the rumble of distant cannon—a day still, to me, as horrible as falseness itself—there remains for every writer a delicate quandary. He may, with the bland assurance of a privileged magician, deliberately resolve to deal with quite other times and other countries. That is what two of our present writers—Mr. Stacpoole and Miss Webb—have done, in their very different ways. Or, taking the war simply as a "property," to be used as unfeelingly as a hidden will or a flood, the novelist may be drawn into the premature employment of this catastrophe as a convenient solution or way out of the difficulties of a curious situation. Not one of the novelists under consideration has done this. There remain two other ways in which the war may be legitimately used even now by the critic of contemporary manners. It may possibly provide a key to temperament or personality, or it may, by illuminating pre-war scenes and events, throw into critical relief the common activities of men and women as they were in days still undisturbed. The former of these is the way of Mr. E. F. Benson, in "Mike"; the latter has been chosen by Mr. Brumm, in "Ahasuerus."

"Ahasuerus" is a very original work, the power of which is more easily seen than its gist. The author has, in fact, thrown together in a tortuous narrative many painful and humorous anecdotes of suffering people, which would be well-nigh unintelligible if it were not that these tales all lead up to a forecast of the spiritual future of man, seen through the smoke and flame of battle. The war is in the book, not as the occasion of incidents, but as providing the author with many subjects of discussion and even of rhetorical prophecy. The book is written with a thick and restless verbosity, and to many readers it may prove unpalatable. It has nevertheless a vigour which makes it in other respects unusually striking, and it is quite the most original, personally-felt, of the four books

* "Ahasuerus." By Charles Brumm. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"The Golden Arrow." By Mary Webb. 6s. (Constable.)—"Mike." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Cassell.)—"The Reef of Stars." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

to be dealt with here. Passages here and there are very notable, and if the total effect is marred by turgidity this cannot conceal the genuine emotion which has moved the author to invoke the aid of the wandering Jew as a mystical influence and as the interpreter of human nature. While one deplores the book's squandered riches, one at least believes Mr. Brumm to have seen and thought for himself.

Far different is Miss Mary Webb's " The Golden Arrow," the clearness of which, and its freedom from ambiguity, is its chief virtue. Miss Webb takes us right away from the war, right away from the kind of business that occupies the time of most of us. She sets her scenes among the hills of the Welsh border, and essays the picture of a simple life in which sex appears to be the one absorbing interest. The book might be written down as a study of sex as it is revealed in the nature of two sharply contrasted marriages. Now the story is extremely thin in texture, a fact which is emphasised by an unlucky habit of the author's. Miss Webb, that is to say, will not allow her reader to estimate her characters for himself. She says in effect: " No, you're not to like this one. . . . This is the one who is really good." And as there is a hint of preciousness about the book it does not seem quite as " actual " as it might have been had there been less self-consciousness in the handling of its not wholly unfamiliar theme.

Mr. Stacpoole, who also ignores the war, does the thing with rather more bluntness than Miss Webb. He is showing us people of a different stamp altogether, who are vehemently engaged at the other end of the world and in the timeless age of the novel of adventure. " The Reef of Stars " is a tale of treasure-seeking up a river in New Guinea, where the partners, most of them men down upon their luck and stopping at little in their quest, find wealth " beyond the dreams of avarice." And what is more, in spite of villainy and a good bout of fighting, the treasure is carried home; so that we end upon a very cheerful note, with money in our pockets and a lovely girl appropriated to the treasure-seeker who has most enlisted our sympathy. Mr. Stacpoole handles his material with a matter-of-fact sureness that stirs our admiration. He has not to fake anything. If it is not as rich and effervescent as " The Wreckers," his tale is good enough and clear enough to take our minds off the war and into the wilds. That, we are convinced, is exactly what Mr. Stacpoole intended that it should be. He has well earned our thanks, as well as our applause.

Mr. Benson, with an ease altogether remarkable, brings us back again to the war, and " Mike " is perhaps the most obviously a war novel of those of which we now write. It relates to the friendship between an Englishman and a German (with a tragic ending), and the love story of the Englishman with his friend's sister. It includes a shrewdly-sketched portrait of the Kaiser, and it constitutes a very earnest and sympathetic plea for tolerance not altogether out of place at this time. There is a great deal of pleasant musical talk and description, and if the climax is not especially moving we shall hardly be disposed to grumble when the whole book has otherwise been so entertaining and so readable. Moreover, the study of the hero's mother is both pathetic and memorable.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE AUTHOR OF "EREWHON."*

Mr. John F. Harris's book on Samuel Butler is a creditably enthusiastic study. It is certainly better than Mr. Gilbert Cannan's, though, really, that is not saying very much; still, covering, as it does, much the same ground in much the same manner it has an air of being rather superfluous. Butler is steadily finding his appropriate readers, who, in general, are not the kind of persons urgently in want of guidance or instruction. What is needed about Butler is not further explanation, but further information. We want his life and letters on the same generous scale as his own biography of his own grandfather. We want, in short, more of him, not more about him.

Now Mr. Harris, with all his enthusiasm, cannot give us any fresh information about his hero. The half-hundred pages of Mr. Festing Jones's biographical sketch contain more material for an understanding of Butler than the volumes of Mr. Harris and Mr. Cannan added together. True, Mr. Harris does not claim to tell us anything new, and he is entitled to object to any criticism that " slates " him for failing to do what he has made no pretence of attempting. I hope he will acquit me of any such intention. I am not trying to be severe; I am merely trying to indicate that his book, whatever its excellence, is a book about Butler's books and not about Butler.

Its critical value, however, is not very high. It is a piece of enthusiasm rather than a piece of criticism. I cannot recall a single sentence in which Mr. Harris ventures to differ from his hero or to recognise the existence of any truth outside Butler's view. Referring to Butler's quarrel with Darwin, he reproaches Grant Allen and Romanes and Ray Lankester with being such complete disciples of their master that they would not admit the possibility of his ever being wrong. Mr. Harris is just such a Butlerite as these others were Darwinians. He should be charitable to kindred spirits and learn something from their too much zeal. Darwin and Butler are just milestones on the great road. The Butlerite of to-day will ultimately be as obsolete as the Darwinian of yesterday. And, after all, Charles Darwin really was a great man, even though Samuel Butler did write some delightful books against him.

Mr. Harris's righteous indignation makes him a little credulous about Butler's early lack of popularity. " The decision went forth," he says, " the reviewers and literary men decided it—that Butler was much too dangerous and unrestrained as a writer and must be left severely alone." A hundred pages later he repeats the charge in exactly the same words. Now I should like to know what evidence Mr. Harris possesses of any conspiracy against Butler. As a reviewer of some years' standing I am naturally hurt by the distinction Mr. Harris draws between " reviewers " and " literary men," but I am encouraged to hear that reviewers have ever decided anything: to accomplish iniquity seems better than to accomplish nothing. But I am sceptical about this conspiracy. If I wanted to conspire against a writer, I simply shouldn't know how to begin. There is no Trade Union or *Vehmgericht* of reviewers. Occasionally I meet some fellow-criminal in the literary line, but almost the only thing we never mention is reviewing. Will Mr. Harris give us some specific details of this mysterious conspiracy?

The neglect of Butler by his own generation was of course deplorable, but it does not prove or imply any organised suppression. It proves, if it proves anything, just this, that the world of books was rolling round in the same old way. Butler was that rare thing, a really original writer, and the scandalous indifference of mankind to contemporary originality is the oldest story in literary history. Conspiracy, in one sense, there was and always will be—the instinctive protective herding of us dull fellows together against the slings and arrows of outrageous genius. But that is natural and common, not particular to Butler.

It will appear, then, that Mr. Harris is a good disciple; but his attitude of deference makes him take too seriously some of his master's utterances—on style, for instance. Butler's protested indifference to style in general and his own in particular always strikes me as a little like those modest self-depreciations that we advance in the hope of having them contradicted. Observe this passage from the Note Books:

" I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable. . . . A man may, and ought to take a great deal of pains to write clearly, tersely and euphemistically: he will write many a sentence three or four times over—to do much more than this is worse than not re-writing at all: he will be at great pains to see that he does not repeat himself, to arrange his matter in the way that shall best enable the reader to master it, to cut out superfluous words

* " Samuel Butler, Author of ' Erewhon ': The Man and His Work." By John F. Harris. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

and, even more, to eschew irrelevant matter; but in each case he will be thinking not of his own style but of his reader's convenience . . . . I should like to put it on record that I never took the smallest pains with my style, have never thought about it, and do not know or want to know whether it is a style at all."

Perhaps the best way to treat this orgy of self-contradiction is to translate it into other terms, as thus: "I have no passion for cleanness, and I suspect anyone who has. For my own part I bathe every morning and evening, I wash my hands every few hours, and I am very attentive to my teeth and nails; but I don't care a bit about cleanness, and I am quite indifferent whether I go dirty or not." Butler writes as if it were legitimate to adopt means but illegitimate to have an end; but the man who cares about the end, cleanness, and the man who cares about the means, washing, both arrive at the same point; and so the man who cares about the end, style, and the man who cares about the means, labour, are really working for the same end. Did Butler (who of course condemned Stevenson) really think that style is some sort of florid ornament superposed upon plain matter? Did he think that striving for style was merely like using some kind of scented soap? By the way, however indifferent to style Butler may have been, I don't think he would have liked some of Mr. Harris's sentences—this for instance: "It is only, then, looked upon as a humorist, with humour an integral part of his make-up, that we can hope to understand Butler."

To look upon Butler as a humorist is certainly much more healthy than to look upon him as a new religion. The danger at the moment is that an ingenious critic is being set up as an infallible creed. Butler is becoming an establishment, with votaries who demand from all sorts and conditions of men just one attitude of worship. This will never do. Butler is a critical, not a creative spirit. His penetrating keenness, his mental ingenuity, his irreverent candour and his grim, almost malicious humour, are all very rare and precious qualities; but they are the condiments rather than the staple of life. There comes a time when we are tired of cleverness and malice and irreverence and satire; and what we want then is something that Butler cannot give. I can think of it only in the terms of a poet whom Butler made the target of his deadliest ridicule:

> "For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

Come now, who is the real benefactor, the ingenious critic or the poet whom he mocked?

Butler called himself the *enfant terrible* of literature and science. How far he was *terrible* I shall not discuss; but *enfant* he certainly was. He "cheeked" the universe as an urchin cheeks the solemn citizen. I feel sure he was the identical candid and courageous little boy who blurted out the truth about the Emperor's new clothes. The child was father of the critic. A creative mind can see that man, like the poor deluded Emperor, has beneath his follies a soul capable of suffering and repentance. Butler noticed chiefly the nakedness of mankind. GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.*

When Mr. Arnold Bennett writes light comedy he expects indulgences from his readers—indeed, he takes them for granted. Lightness of touch with him means that his characters very often are only faintly sketched in,

* "The Lion's Share." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Cassell.)

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that plot is dependent on his or their whim, that probabilities do not trouble him over-much, and that his action may be downright farcical. But hitherto in this sort of work he has kept his improvising faculty under control by maintaining a sort of connection with the Five Towns. First hand knowledge of the Pottery district, which made his "Clayhanger" trilogy and "Old Wives' Tale" such triumphs of realism, gave just enough ballast to such *jeux d'esprit* as "The Card" and "The Regent." For the "Card" himself, though he exhaled the very atmosphere of extravagances, was of your solid, sturdy Midland breed, a dependable support amid the whirl of wild incidents. Such a stand by is no longer with us in "The Lion's Share"; Mr. Bennett has parted company here with the Staffordshire he knows by heart. Its place is taken by the militant suffragist movement, itself a phantasmagoria of excitement and violence, with the result that incoherence runs riot in this story. Friends of suffragism might well complain that the novelist has hardly dealt fairly with the movement, since he has made it help him to such episodes of adventure as fill out his scheme and dismisses it from his own and his heroine's horizon as soon as it has served a more or less entertaining purpose. More or less, one says advisedly, because one or two of the figures barely escape the reproach of dullness, an unprecedented thing in a Bennett comedy, while not a few of their companions are very shadowy creations.

Fortunately Mr. Bennett's female counterpart to his "Card" is very much alive—a girl of the period with that girl's characteristic demand that she shall have as good a time in the world as any man. You may not believe in Audrey Moze's masquerade as a widow, but you recognise as thoroughly typical of modern girlhood her protest against the bullying courtship of the genius who expects her to fall at his feet.

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Blessed with money, she is able to be as good as her word. She sees life in Paris, and helps Mr. Bennett to some effective dissolving views of the Bohemia that existed before the war. She shares the adventures of suffragists dodging arrest without having to share their prison penalties. She plays off two suitors against each other and enjoys the game.

"Rosamund," leader of the militants, tries to capture her for her campaign. But Audrey is not going to have her life narrowed down into a single groove. She tells the imperious lady what she thinks of her—a monomaniac she calls her.

"'I'll never be a martyr if I can help it. I want everything, and I'm going to get it. I want to have a husband and a home and a family and a cause too. Nobody, man or woman, is going to be able to boast that he's got me altogether. You think you're independent. But you wait. We girls will show you what independence is.'"

You will see that he has caught his type. Yet this girl with her recklessness, her boasted independence, goes down like a thing shot before love. Quite decided that she is going to make her own marriage, protesting and rebellious to the last moment, she lets arms go round her waist and lips approach while she is telling herself that "this is all wrong" and it must be stopped. Once again Mr. Bennett knows what he is writing about.

So that it will be gathered there is quite enough observation, not to speak of humour, in the latest Bennett novel to make it not unworthy of his fame. It is journalistic fiction, and therefore runs the risks all journalism must run of its topics staling before they can reach print. In it Mr. Bennett lets himself go, without being always able to make us see fun when he sees it, as in his tedious Miss Ingate, with her fixed sardonic smile. In it finally he rattles along at such a pace of improvisation that plenty of characters and scenes pass as in a shadow-show, insufficiently realised. But Audrey is vital enough; she will serve.

F. G. BETTANY.

D. H. LAWRENCE.*

There is no particular relationship, in art any more than in daily conversation, between intensity of feeling and frankness of revelation. Certainly he who blurted out

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action"

knew the dregs of passion as the author of "Romeo and Juliet" knew its romantic heights; yet we still dispute as to whether he unlocked his heart with the sonnet-key or any other. Donne caged, and all but hid, the fervency of his nature behind the bars of his fantastic and almost incredibly skilful craftsmanship; Rossetti draped his corroding sensuality in dædal tapestries. The desire to strip the soul naked and thus to exhibit it is a characteristic peculiar to an age which combines individualism with a scorn of taboos. One remembers, of course, the "pungent passionings" of Burns, and Shelley fallen on the rocks of life and crying out in agony; but such cries were, if not involuntary, at any rate unpremeditated. The self-revelations of Byron were to a considerable extent dramatic and conventional, and so were the confessions of Swinburne and the decadents. What one may call the militant honesty of some contemporary poets, an urgency not only to admit their wounds but painfully to probe them, is a new thing. It is exampled most signally in the work of D. H. Lawrence; for he, besides this ardour for complete expression, has an intensity of sense and spirit to express for which it is not easy to find a parallel.

Rupert Brooke was as honest, and in a way as passionate, as Lawrence. But he was far more intellectual; and both his passion and his expression of it were largely the result of a reaction against intellectualism, a reaction which led him to the South Seas and Mamua and then to Lemnos. Lawrence's reactions are personal, within himself; they do not swing him round from one point of view to another—they make him seethe so that his verse comes forth in hot and angry jets.

It is poetry which one might criticise in scientific terminology borrowed from Freud and his like—talking of psychopathology and hyperæsthesia and masochism—were it not so easy for the layman to use the language of specialism foolishly. It is safer perhaps to say merely that it is poetry which shows both in form and subject the signs of an extraordinary sensibility in conjunction with a most restless energy. The poet seems to receive experiences not through one sense only but through all his senses concurrently, as when he writes:

"I will sift the surf that edges the night, with my net, the four
Strands of my eyes and my lips and my hands and my feet,
sifting the store
Of flotsam until my soul is tired or satisfied."

And he has created, or been born with the gift of, a language which is the equivalent of this abnormal receptivity. Actually, sometimes, he seems not to know whether he has seen or heard or felt; and it is natural for him to speak of

". . . the stealthy, brindled odours
Prowling about the lush
And acrid night of autumn."

Such things are the fruit neither of theory nor of caprice. They are obviously the direct rendering of sensations really felt. Lawrence is an impressionist, and a wonderfully successful and vivid one. His effects, though nearly always surprising, are nearly always right. But they are in the nature of lucky shots. For he is impatient of art and, though he sometimes writes almost flawlessly as in "Brooding Grief" and "Snap-dragon" and the beautifully limpid "Mystery," he is often violent to metre and rhyme and rhythm, committing cacophonies which irritate the ear.

Yet poetry, rather than prose, is his true medium. He is so subjective and so intensive that, whatever the form his writing takes, he is always essentially a lyric poet. That is why his novels, powerful and beautiful as they

* "Amores: Poems." By D. H. Lawrence. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)—"Twilight in Italy." By D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Duckworth.)

are, are difficult to read. For there must always be a core of logical progress in narrative, however deeply it may be wrapped in divagation; and Lawrence's mind, if not illogical, is intensive rather than progressive in relation to its objectives. Nor do the characters of his fiction ever quite disengage themselves from their maker. Even in "Twilight in Italy," which is not fiction, one is never sure of the objective truth of his portraits: his vision is so personal and so different from that of the ordinary intelligent observer. Not that this is a disadvantage from the point of view of the interest of his book. "Twilight in Italy" is an extremely interesting book. It contains some pages of description of unsurpassable vividness and some pages of philosophy which throw light—not superfluous—on the poems. Lawrence's philosophy is a synthesis of paganism and Christianity, the pagan ideal of absolute being and the Christian ideal of not being.

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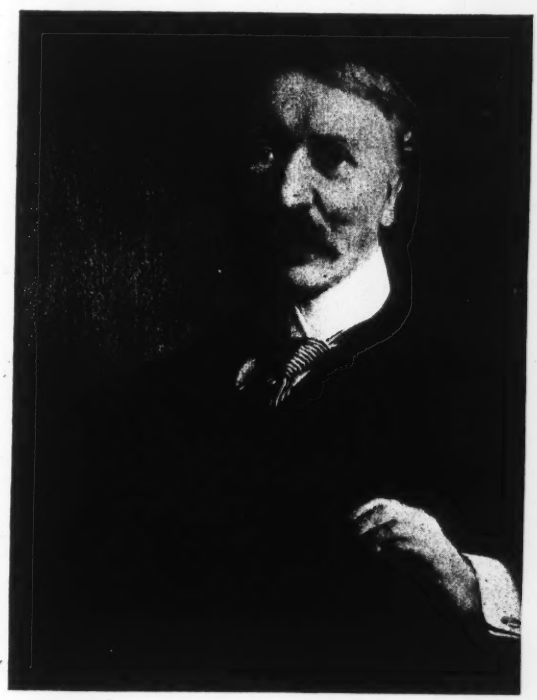

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early work, such as "Miles Fletcher" and "A Mere Accident" he displayed the power to be violently individual; but always, except in his latest period, he has dropped back to the Frenchmen of his worship.

And now, after the splendid series of imaginative biography, we have this barren, cold, informative, accurate and alas! so lamentably long a masterpiece. Many critics, misled by Mr. Moore's dedication and the fact that he gives his characters the same names as those given to the persons of the New Testament, have taken "The Brook Kerith" as Mr. Moore's effort to tell the story of Jesus of Nazareth. How he must be laughing in his sleeve at them! He is so careless about being found out that he makes so obvious a blunder as to represent the sons of Zebedee as poor; and if his visit to Palestine caused him to fancy that the wives of the fisher-folk talked like the legendary ladies of Billingsgate, he would have been better advised to have visited Cornwall . . . or even, perhaps, Ireland.

No: all thought of the New Testament must be put out of the reader's mind if he is to deal fairly with "The Brook Kerith." The only characters whom Mr. Moore elaborates are Joseph of Arimathæa, nearly all of whose life is outside the Gospels; and his own imaginary post-Ascension Jesus, who is also, of course, not a character of the New Testament. To compare this book with Renan's "Life" were absurd; Renan's portrait of Our Lord is ridiculous in many ways, hopelessly Chauvinist, and at times displeasing—but it is a real portrait of a possible man. Mr. Moore's crude sketch of Jesus before the Crucifixion is simply a tired reshuffling of the evangelical story.

What, then, is the "Brook Kerith"? It is evidently Mr. Moore's masterpiece. It displays all the characteristics of the cold and the unreal, of the art funereal. Once more he has lamentably suppressed his own delightful qualities of humour, and malice, and irresponsibility, and naughtiness, and sighed to himself, and looked at that tangled, bewildered portrait of himself by the French master, and whispered, "Ah! I must work again! What line shall I choose?"

Now in the past, although his own work is always the best and most welcome, some of his conscious followings of others have been admirable. "The Mummer's Wife" is far better than any Zola—though much of Zola has a fierce angry power which Mr. Moore has not the moral character to exert. "Esther Waters" is better than any Gissing; and there are things in "Celibates" (though I prefer "A Mere Accident" in the old version) which are prophetically better than the neo-realists of the distant 99's. But in "The Brook Kerith" Mr. Moore has aimed too high, or perhaps too late. In his earlier years he might have attacked Flaubert's Carthaginian throne: but not to-day, not with his brain still so full of "Hail and Farewell," and the amusing and trivial gossip of Irish literary cliques. That is all a poor preparation for the writing of a novel which demands so much spaciousness and dignity and large movement as this Syrian tale.

For Mr. Moore knows what is wanted. He has read his Flaubert, and he knows what is wanted; and at times he gets it. The first meeting between Joseph and Jesus has a real dignity, in spite of his strangely provincial, almost missish portrait of Jesus, and its singular lack of reality. That, indeed, is one of the greatest faults of the book that, while Joseph is concrete and rounded, well-seen and well-handled, that of Jesus is like a poor piece of flat painting by *alunno di alunno di alunno di* . . . any third-rate Italian painter you please.

Then the squabbles between Peter and Philip and other characters are written in the wrong mode for the rest of the story. And even such an episode as Joseph the school-boy attending the cock-fight is keyed unnecessarily coarsely. But of all the really deadly passages in the book, the deadliest is Paul's oration to the Essene community. In it St. Paul, using about 11,000 words of Mr. Moore's, tells that part of his history (and little more) which is recounted in an old Greek book called the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Moore may have looked into the Bible given him in 1898; but he evidently forgot to pray for humility before reading, if he read. Luke is a difficult author to compete with.

So I will recommend that part of the book in which Mr. Moore only seeks to rival Flaubert. The early chapters about Joseph, his conflicts with and affection for his father, his spoiling old grandmother, his intellectual and spiritual struggles, are full of real beauty: and the passages on the Essene community, though they get rather tiresome in their repetitions and monotony, have, too, a certain rambling and troubled charm.

R. Ellis Roberts.

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Photo by E. O. Hoppé **Mr. Frank Swinnerton.**

passed beyond it and found himself. It is the strongest, most individual thing he has done. Mr. Swinnerton has humour and idealism, qualities which Gissing lacked, and these give a happier note to his style and a broader, truer effect to his realism, for no life can be realistically painted in monochrome. Priscilla Evandine, who plays the title part, is charming and graciously feminine, of a character that seems almost complex, it is so finely simple ; Stephen Moore, the man she loves and marries, is a harshly honest, unattractive personality, but he is what his past has made him. He and a younger brother, Roy, their delightful sister Dorothy, and their genial, shiftless, unscrupulous, dissipated father live in squalid lodgings in an Islington byway, and Stephen is burdened with the maintenance of the family. He is a critic and essayist of exceptional gifts and slaves desperately to make an income out of them. Priscilla has grown up in a sharply contrasted environment. Her father is an amiable, affluent, dilettante man of letters living in comparative luxury on the outskirts of London, and her mother is as charming as herself. Priscilla marries Stephen knowing she is exchanging plenty for poverty, but she is entirely happy in their Hampstead cottage, Stephen's dark moods and strange reticences notwithstanding, till, making something of a virtue of necessity, he confesses the one secret of his life that he had hitherto kept from her. The shock of this revelation seems to shatter her faith in him, not so much because of his actual sin as because he had been able to bring himself to deceive her—she feels it impossible that there should ever be confidence between them again or that he can any more be to her what he has been, and so they drift apart and are both miserable. At this juncture a man who had been desperately in love with her before her marriage reappears and, noting her estrangement from her husband, begins to pursue her with illicit attentions, and it is this man who unwittingly startles her into such self-knowledge and such an understanding of Stephen's weakness as sweeps their estrangement away and restores them both to happiness. The best people in the book are not too good to be human ; on the other hand even old Moore, the exasperating, blackmailing father, has redeeming instincts and impulses, though they are eclipsed on his death-bed by his unbelievable vindictiveness towards Stephen. It is a poignant, powerfully written book and in its psychology no less than in the interest and imaginative art of its story represents Mr. Swinnerton's highest level of achievement.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SIN. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

DARK PERIL. By Marie Connor Leighton. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton's dramatic novel, " The Story of a Great Sin," is sure to grip the interest of those who like a good sensational plot. Brian Torr, chief draughtsman in a large shipbuilding yard, loves the daughter of his employer, but the lovers are divided by the social gulf between them, and forced apart through a seemingly cruel fate. A crime in the past life of Brian's unknown father looms behind the love interest like an evil shadow, and, as years of silence have tortured the author of the crime with periods of racking remorse, so a confession made in a moment of contrition involves him in fresh difficulties and leads to complications mysterious and exciting. Mrs. Leighton's other book, " Dark Peril," will also delight admirers of her work. The striking likeness between two cousins plays a prominent part in the scheme, and the persecution of a young missionary who loves one of these girls, leads to some thrilling situations in a tale that is developed with the ingenuity that helped to popularise " Convict 99." Those who have found pleasure in Mrs. Leighton's other books should read her two latest, and will certainly not be disappointed in them.

The Bookman's Table.

A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD, AND OTHER VERSES. By Louis J. McQuilland. 3s. net. (Heath, Cranton.)

These verses of Mr, Louis McQuilland are written in divers keys, but they are always the songs of a man who lives in close touch with his fellows. There is nothing cloistral about them ; they breathe more of the streets and the open air and the strenuous business of living than of the study ; when he sings " In a Library " it is to commiserate the rows of

> " These tomes which half the world collect,
> And no one in the world peruses."

He can dream pensively and graciously about the glamour of the past in " A Georgian Snuff-Box," but he is happiest when he is writing of the zest of travel, the romance of wayfaring ; of his love for his own land, " The Country of the Young " ; of courage and knightly heroism, as in " Ballade of Fight," or in the vigorous stirring ballad of a warrior, " For Any Good Cause At All," or in that ringing song of Empire, " The Song of the Flag." There are lighter lyrics, tender, fanciful, wistful, and one of these, " The Joyous Comrade," which yet has a touch of the fighting spirit in it, too, is perhaps the best and most haunting thing in the book. In thought and expression the verses are strongly individual. Occasionally Mr. McQuilland has moods that are sombre or bizarre—there is a little poem on " Fleet Street " which Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in his appreciative Introduction, describes as " a novel of George Gissing's in twelve lines " — but his prevailing notes are of human kindliness and high idealism. Mr. G. K. Chesterton prefaces the volume with a " Ballade to an Irishman," and it is illustrated with some admirable drawings by Mr. David Wilson.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By Louis Henry Jordan, B.D. (Edin.) 12s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

Mr. Jordan is an active and strenuous writer on the subject of comparative religion, and his work on its genesis and growth attracted considerable attention. He is also

rich in promises, having volumes on its meaning and value, on its principles also and its problems, preparing or ready for publication. The present work, which is by no means his first excursion in the field of bibliography, is an extended and classified survey of "the best recent books" on all branches of the subject, its adjuncts and allies included. It extends to six hundred pages, and is much more than an exhaustive methodised catalogue, being more correctly a long series of critical studies and reviews. The classification begins with anthropology and ends with serviceable notes on current periodical literature, not to speak of certain additamenta on centres of subsidiary study in Divinity Schools and on the area and scope of comparative religion. The work of a competent writer, who is also a moderate and patient critic, it is an excellent introductory handbook to the authoritative literature of the subject, valuable alike to the expert and to students in the early stages. So much having been said, the reviewer's task has practically reached its term, for Mr. Jordan's standpoint in respect of comparative religion belongs properly to the consideration of his more formal works. But it may be added that the brief notices of several Continental bibliographies, including that of Salvatorelli, offer interesting testimonies to what is being done all over Europe in this ever-growing department of research.

FORTY YEARS AT THE BAR. By J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C., LL.D., D.L., etc. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

It might well be thought, even by the general reader with a special taste for most kinds of reminiscence books, that the memories of a barrister largely engaged in practice at the Parliamentary Bar were little likely to be of any wide interest. Such reader, however, will not have followed Mr. Balfour Browne far into this discursive record before he is likely to be disabused of that notion, for though the subjects may be of such greatly utilitarian but seemingly unentertaining matters as railways and waterworks, electric lighting and sewage disposal, they are handled in a way which is frequently not only informing, but bright and amusing. Mr. Balfour Browne never forgets for long that it is the interest in persons (and personalities) which largely holds the attention of the reader of a book of this class, and gives bits about an extraordinary number of big little men whom he has met in his active career. Sometimes it may be thought that the reason for the introduction of a given name is but slight, and that the reminiscence is but a trifling one, but that is more or less inevitable. As a whole it may be said that the author has memories of men well worth the recording, and memories to the jotting down of which he has brought a pleasant skill, and also it may be added a readiness for racy criticism of character not frequently met with among those who write their memories. To many people one of the chief tests of a volume such as this is the number of good stories to be found embedded in the narrative, and in this respect Mr. Balfour Browne's book will certainly rank high among its kind. That the Bar is in all its branches fruitful of wit is certain; and such is to be expected, for as a writer has said wit is born of the clashing of wits and such clashing of wits is the business of legal argument. The very training for fastening rapidly upon legal points should cultivate any natural facility for perceiving verbal points. That the Parliamentary Bar is as fruitful in this respect as other departments of the land may be gathered from these pages, for the author out of his forty years' experience is able to recall many capital stories of things happily said, and most of them will be fresh to most of his readers. Then, too, he has a happy knack of using a good story by way of illustration, or an apposite quotation in such a bright fashion as to give something of the same pleasure that we derive from wit.

Mr. Boyd Cable

—the brilliant war writer, and author of the famous book "Between the Lines," sends this tribute to Waterman's Ideal, of which he is a constant user and a warm admirer.

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Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

If readers can be interested in a detailed account of the school and university life of a young American who has no particular character, who is the son of a millionaire, who is continually getting drunk and who mixes at college in a set incredibly snobbish, then let them procure Mr. W. B. Trite's latest novel **Love** (6s.). The title has no particular meaning; for love fails to enter into the story until it has been more than half told. Even when it appears in the shape of the surrender of Banaker to Christine and of the trip taken by the young couple to Bermuda it is a mere episode, and a case of desire rather than of real passion. Nor is Banaker's marriage to Marcelle anything more than an effect of mingled calf-love and sentimentality. "Spirits are not finely touched save to fine issues." There are no "spirits" in this novel and no "fine issues."

MESSRS. CASSELL CO.

God's Child (6s.) gives a quite entertaining description of garrison life in Malta and unravels, at the same time, a not too complicated skein of melodramatic adventures. How a sergeant marries a young servant who has had a baby, and in a fit of drunkenness, caused by jealousy, loses his stripes for a while, how an intolerant young vicar achieves a wife and a broader outlook on life by passing some months as a chaplain at Malta: these are the main threads of Captain Oswald Dallas's plot. Otherwise the story deals with the rivalry for the love of the chaplain's beautiful sister which turns an English officer of the garrison and a native officer into bitter antagonists. Needless to say the Maltese is the loser in this rivalry and the villain of the tale.

WAR BOOKS.

GALLIPOLI. By John Masefield. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

When you have read Mr. Masefield's great story of "Gallipoli" you feel it is impossible to think of that campaign as anything in the nature of a defeat. He makes it clear that it is not the fighting men who failed, but the powers at home here who left them fatally short of munitions and did not keep them sufficiently supplied with reinforcements. The indomitable heroism of the men who forced a landing there, captured forts that were believed to be impregnable, and held on tenaciously to the ground they had taken through almost unendurable heat and cold and in face of odds that ought to have been overwhelming but never were, makes an epic narrative that can hardly be equalled in the history of our race. It needed such a poet as Mr. Masefield to write it adequately. He has realised it all from personal experience or from what he has learned authoritatively and at first hand, and he makes his readers realise it all as probably most of them never realised it before. With its graphic battle-pictures, its carefully detailed descriptions of day to day developments, and the inside knowledge it reveals, this is the most valuable as well as the most brilliant record of the Dardanelles expedition that has yet been published.

THE BACKGROUND OF BATTLE. By Dell Leigh. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Gives in a series of vivid letters an intimate and intensely interesting account of what has been happening outside the firing lines, in France and England, from the period of general mobilisation down to a few weeks ago.

THE GLORY THAT IS FRANCE. By Sidney Dark. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Sidney Dark's love of France is ancestral; he traces his descent from a race of Norman peasants. Moreover, he lived in Paris during his most impressionable years. All which helps him to understand and appreciate the French character, and in this book he pays a tribute to our gallant allies that is the finer and more illuminating because it has this knowledge at the back of it. He may be sometimes less than just to the past and the present of Great Britain, but he loves France and the French people too well to misinterpret them. It is a brilliant study of France as the "mother of European freedom" and the pioneer of modern civilisation.

FROM WARFARE TO WELFARE. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

In this series of essays Mr. Stocker studies the International situation, elucidates existing tendencies, and offers suggestions for the reconstruction of society after the war. It is a thoughtful, stimulating book on the most important subject of the moment. We know now how the war will end, but we are not so sure how we are to fashion order anew out of the present chaos.

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